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THE NATION WEEKLY



THE WAR THROUGH YOUR EYES

By H. B. Needham



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1915

All
the
year

Open January 1

"Hacer lo que tu, Oh! España, nunca
osaste."—Gervasio.

"To do what thou, O Spain, did never
dream."—Gervasio.

1915

All
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THE WAR THROUGH YOUR EYES

BY HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

ON THE road from Furnes to the battle front between Neuport and Dixmude, I came to a farm which was under divided use—military and agricultural. French officers had their headquarters in a portion of the farmhouse; the remainder was occupied by the Belgian peasant, his wife and children. The comfort of the barn was shared by soldiers and live stock. Grain no doubt fed all alike.

Near the roadside the peasant was guiding a plow drawn by a white horse. In one furrow turned by the plowshare soldiers were beginning to dig a trench—part of a new position should the Allies be forced back. While the plowing and the trench digging went on shells were bursting uncomfortably near. But neither the peasants nor the soldiers minded in the least.

Here were peace and war, everyday affairs, and fighting, not only side by side, but cooperating! Life thus went art one better; for the actual scene transcended the imagination of Zola.

In his preeminent battle picture, "The Downfall," you remember, as Maurice was advancing for his baptism of fire, finding himself for the first time within shell range he turned his head and was greatly astonished to see a peasant calmly pursuing his vocation—guiding a plow drawn by a white horse. And Zola asks:

"Why should the man lose a day? Corn would not cease growing, the human race would not cease living, because a few thousand men happened to be fighting." (Or a few million.)

Zola's invention pictured war as a mere incident. So it is. But the production of peace and the destruction of war are strangely intermingled. That, to me, is the amazing thing about it.

Interpreters of events, writing from café and study table, have told you how many soldier men, in millions, are engaged in this war of nations, races, and ideas of government, which last implies the action of the will of one mind over the will of another. You have read that the people of one-half the earth's surface and one-half the earth's peoples are up in arms. You know that the battle line in France and Belgium alone is as long as from New York to Washington. You have seen pictorially in newspaper, magazine, and at "the movies," the soldiery of all the combatants, with their scientific equipment for killing fighting men, and their improvised service for saving the lives of wounded men. You have also looked into the faces of the pitiful refugees, and have gazed upon the ruins of the homes they have been forced to abandon. And, back of it all, you have tried to imagine the far-flung death struggle. You have tried to picture to yourself the front. In any case, I did, from the depths of that sequestered valley protected by rugged slopes—London. My first misconception, and perhaps yours, was that the "theatre of operations," as the British War Office calls the fighting zone, is given over entirely to the military, that the noncombatants, especially the women and children, have fled from the plague spot. Newspaper accounts and vivid pictures seemed to swell the army of refugees until they approximated the whole nonfighting population. Nothing but abandoned farms and deserted homes greeted the invaders. Invaders—yes. But if you were to carry on your observations, as I

did, in the country of the defenders, a different story would require telling. In a town like Pervyse, Belgium, of course, which becomes a target for the enemy because it is for friendly soldiers a barricade, the population gets out. But not till the guns have begun actively to shell the place. For desultory shelling only the excitable depart. Furnes, for instance, lay well in the proposed route of the Germans to the Dover Straits. Beyond Calais, Dunkirk, with Furnes the outpost. The day before my arrival Furnes received a gift of forty-three German shells, fired from a distance of not less than 9,000 yards. About town it was said that this was a range-finding preliminary. The real business was coming—scheduled for the day I got there. One would have thought, however, that the time for shelling had been fixed by agreement, and was some hours off. Fronting the

square a bank and one café had their shutters up, otherwise the usual business. Women and children walked around with as much unconcern as gadabouts in a town of central Illinois. When I went, by direction of a Belgian dispatch rider, to secure a bedchamber for the night, the door was opened by a little girl—"most eleven and a half," she told me afterward. Behind her stood an old lady and an old man. I tried to make my wants known in French. But the old people spoke only Flemish. In desperation I addressed them in English. Then how that small child talked!

She rattled off English at the rate of a machine gun. It was her golden opportunity after weeks of enforced silence. In no time at all I had her complete family history and her autobiography, which was extremely interesting. Her father, the son of the two old people, had emigrated to New Zealand, where he had met her mother, a Frenchwoman. Until early summer of this year Blanche had lived in the colony, speaking nothing but English. Then her mother died, and her father had sent her to Belgium, to be with her grandparents. Listen:

"And I got here two days before the war, and in New Zealand I never saw an aeroplane, and I've seen so many here I don't care if I never see another, and do you think the Germans will come? Grandmother goes to church three times a day and prays the Germans will not come; do you think they will? Yesterday a German

shell came right into the café next door and made a big hole and such noise you never heard, and they say more shells are to be fired upon Furnes to-day; if they are, we go into the cellar, and you may come too, and how long do you think you will stay in our house? and are you married?" Blanche stopped for breath.

Next door in the hotel, which was hit and damaged by the German shell, the first person to greet me was another small girl two years younger than Blanche. There were boys, too, a horde of small boys. Right underneath the eaves of the freight house, damaged that morning by the German Taube, two youngsters were playing in a crate half filled with straw. Other boys offered to sell me what they claimed were shrapnel bullets from the Taube's bomb. I suppose they waited around to pick them up, just as in '70, during the bombardment of Paris, urchins used to lie about waiting for the shells, and pounce upon the remnants, hoping to sell them



Here were peace and war, everyday affairs, and fighting, not only side by side, but cooperating. Life goes art one better in these Belgian marshes

as souvenirs of the siege. The inundation to the north of Dixmude, which drove the Germans in groups on the dikes intersecting the flooded area and bogged their heavy artillery, was of direct benefit to the Belgian kiddies. In one of the illustrations you will see boys and girls having fun on rafts navigated in the flooded district. Yet one wondered why the grown-ups responsible for these children had not taken them away to a place of safety. Nowhere to go, for one thing; for another, unwillingness to leave home.

Standing on the slope of Mount Etna at the time of the last eruption, I asked the British Consul at Catania, who was a Sicilian, why it was that the natives persisted in living where a molten lava stream might, and finally did, ruin their homes and vineyards.

"You have seen an army of ants swarming about a spot," he replied, "and you have put your foot, perhaps by mistake, in their midst, killing many and scattering the rest. But you take your foot away and they come back." The genial Sicilian smiled: "It is their home."

So with those unfortunate enough to live in the place of battles. Besides, there was the Cardinal's garden at Malines, which so many knew about. Despite the terrific fighting that took place in and about Malines, the Cardinal's beautiful garden was untouched. It was spared the ravages of war. You can't make a really lovely garden in a season or a year, you know. You will find everywhere in the danger zone, unless ruined by shell and fire, unwarlike persons endeavoring to live peaceably with men of combat whose mission it is to work havoc. Tramping to Pervyse with the hurry scurry of motors and horses and bicycles, I thought of the rush of vehicles carrying spectators to a big football match at home. Even this near the front I half expected to see the war game played in territory all its own. But the policing was bad. Outsiders, particularly women and children, persisted in trespassing on the field. There should have been conspicuous signs posted: *Keep Out of the War Zone Under Penalty of Death.*

Cooling Off Your News

THE recurring collision of the arts of peace and the practices of war was peculiarly illustrated on my way back from Pervyse. The road was choked with every known variety of motor and horse-drawn conveyance speeding toward the front. Against this whirling avalanche a couple of boys persisted in driving four yearling steers. There was a ditch on either side of the thoroughfare, and how many times this beef on the hoof hurdled into the adjoining fields I would not attempt to estimate. But each time the boys jumped across and drove the steers back, getting them safely into Fumes without their being slaughtered en route. It was a clever stunt and merited a decoration from the Royal Live Stock Association of Belgium. But as Zola says: "Why should a day be lost? Corn would not cease growing, nor would the human race cease living simply because it pleased some men to fight."

Women and children are out of all proportion to war correspondents in the "theatre of operations." General Joffre and Lord Kitchener are determined that the casualties among correspondents shall be reduced to an irreducible minimum. Necessarily, women and kiddies must look after themselves.

The day I arrived all war correspondents were ordered to leave Dunkirk not later than six o'clock, and journey as far south as Calais. I met three exceptions to the harsh rule of expulsion—newspaper men who had been in the north of France from the beginning of the war, who sent only routine stuff, and who were permitted to remain so long as they were good. They couldn't be anything but innocuous distributors of public intelligence had they tried otherwise. The telegraph offices were like the slot machine that gobbles your penny and fails to give in return a stick of gum. I cabled my wife in New York from Dunkirk as follows:

"Safe well busy address care Consul Havre."

Now can the most active imagination conjure up, from that message, anything likely to be useful to the enemy? But the cable never reached New York.

The mails were guarded with almost equal care. My good friend John Ball Osborne, the very efficient American Consul at Havre, repeated a cable which came to his office for

me. As he addressed it care of the Belgian Minister of War, Dunkirk, I was lucky enough to get it. I wrote Mr. Osborne a note acknowledging receipt. He did not receive my letter for a week, although the rail distance is 180 miles. "Take no chances—let every scrap of news grow cold!" is the slogan of the French War Office.

The French authorities have accustomed their people to rely upon the daily official communiqué, and to expect no other news. If Joffre can have his way—and so far it is Kitchener's way, too—the circulation

makes pleasanter reading. After Liege there were experts ready to declare that the *defense* had been developed beyond the *offense* in modern warfare. Then the Germans brought up the Krupp and Austrian 42-centimeter howitzers. Namur fell, together with expert opinion, manifesting that hasty conclusions in this war are most unwise.

Those big howitzers, I was told by a gunnery expert at Havre, a Briton, are built under patents of the Gathman gun, U. S. A. This is the one piece of technical information I could not make myself forget, but I have done nothing to check it up. Do the 16-inch guardians of New York Harbor involve like principles of gun construction? Let the militia editor figure it out. With the very best intentions I started out to say that any opinion about what has and what has not been demonstrated in this war may be subject to very decided revision. At this writing, based on interviews with British, French, and Belgian flying men, I believe that the importance of the aeroplane has been exaggerated in the public mind, as in the mind of Mr. Wells. Of course much depends upon the make of machine given to the airman to fly, and more on his nerve. If he flies above gun range, he does not see troops. I hazard

this comparison: that the motor bike is of much greater service to the army in the field than is the aeroplane. The motor bike has revolutionized signaling,

has done away with wigwagging to a very large extent. Thus the motorcyclist has justified the annoying racket he makes on the highways and byways, for he is everywhere and nowhere as much as at the front.

"Wait till you see the whites of their eyes!" This command was given to the gunners at Liege—according to a young correspondent who owed his job to a prize essay in a literary weekly.

Particularly if you have good eyes, try to see how far away you can make out the whites of the eyes approaching you in the streets; then bear in mind that the French have guns with a range of 14,000 yards, which they fire accurately at that distance. Fighting at long range is the rule in this war. The bayonet charge is the exception, much more so than would appear from some of the thrilling accounts. Exclusive of the front from Nieuport to Ypres (which the British Tommy pronounces "wi-per"), the battle has been a state of siege and counter siege.

The British marines who went to the help of the Belgians at Antwerp did not see a German. Neither did a wandering Yankee, who saw only dead Germans and prisoners. Men are invalided home to England who never set eyes on a German. For all the fun there is in much of the fighting one might as well be electrocuted. Electrocuting kills—it does not maim.

What War Meant to Her

AT A JUNCTION spelled Eu—which I should like to hear a brakeman on the Rock Island call out—I got into a compartment, and found there a young woman who did not look to be over twenty. I helped her put her luggage up in the rack, and she thanked me in French. I acknowledged her thanks in English. "You are an American," she observed in English. Then we talked, not in French.

She was born in Liverpool, I learned, and had been at one time secretary and stenographer in Paris, where she had acquired both a vocabulary and an acceptable French accent. She was married to the chef of the Princes Restaurant, Piccadilly. Being a Frenchman, he had left his job, gone back to France at the outbreak of the war, and had been wounded. He was in a hospital near Cherbourg and she was on her way to see him. A wound in the arm and shoulder had left his whole right side paralyzed. He was twenty-nine—she, twenty-seven—and they had four children—the oldest six years, the youngest nineteen months.

"He was such a fine-looking fellow," she told me, "and now—think of it!—crippled for life, and so young. He might have been active beyond twice his age. Oh!" Her handkerchief went to her eyes. "But it doesn't do anybody good to be downhearted, now does it? He isn't. See—" She took from her hand bag a letter and held it up for me to examine. "He has learned already how to write with his left hand."

The letter, in French, was neatly and evenly written. (Concluded on page 25)



The inundation to the north of Dixmude drove the Germans on the dikes intersecting the flooded area and bogged their heavy artillery—but it was of direct benefit to the Belgian kiddies. This picture was taken near Nieuport, and shows boys and girls alike having fun on their improvised rafts

of war news will remain a government monopoly. Both the British and the French war makers are still indignant because, in the first days of the war, an inexperienced correspondent of one of the London dailies made a bad break. He wrote, and his paper printed the fact, that the Belgian military headquarters were located at Louvain. This is supposed to have sealed the fate of the university town.

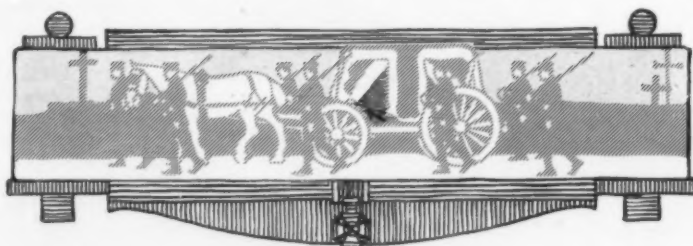
At the Hôtel des Arcades these marooned correspondents discussed with me the war from the standpoint of news getting. Said one: "It's idle to pretend we are doing anything. The real war correspondents writing from Calais and Dieppe, after talking with officers back from the trenches, are permitted to wire more stuff than are we from this point. If we were habitual pickpockets, well known to the police, we could not be more under suspicion here, nor more likely to imprisonment at any moment."

Then another disgruntled scribe observed: "Some day the history of this war will be written by the military authorities—but it will be so damn long nobody will read it."

I thought of that endless official history of the battles of the Civil War—the gift of the Congressman to his influential constituent. The last I knew the Government Printing Office was periodically issuing a fresh volume, its arrival in each house of the district being greeted with: "More work for the duster."

"But what earthly good is news if you do get it?" asked the third correspondent, and answered: "The stuff on this war from the correspondents reads like this: 'At a place A, the name of which I am not permitted to disclose, the — Regiment, after daring reconnaissance, proceed to go forward to a place B. The reader will appreciate the importance of the advance, as well as the reckless bravery of officers and men, when I say that they succeeded after terrific fighting in reaching a place C.'"

You may not see the humor of this in America. For the rewrite man on the copy desk fills in the gaps and adds color to the skeletonized censored dispatch. It



FU-MANCHU & COMPANY

II—THE CRY OF THE NIGHTHAWK

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH C. COLL

"GOOD NIGHT, Dr. Petrie."

"Good night, Mr. Forsyth," I said; and, having conducted my late visitor to the door, I closed and bolted it, switched off the light and went upstairs. My new patient was chief officer of one of the P. and O. boats. He had cut his hand rather badly on the homeward run, and signs of poisoning having developed, he had called to have the wound treated, apologizing for troubling me at so late an hour, but explaining that he had only just come from the docks. The hall clock announced the hour of one as I ascended the stairs. I found myself wondering what there was in Mr. Forsyth's appearance which excited some vague and elusive memory. Coming to the top floor, I opened the door of a front bedroom and was surprised to find the interior in darkness.

"Smith!" I called.

"Come here and watch!" was the terse response.

Nayland Smith was sitting in the dark at the open window and peering out across the Common. Even as I saw him, a dim silhouette, I could detect that tensely in his attitude which told of high-strung nerves.

I joined him.

"What is it?" I asked, curiously.

"I don't know. Watch that clump of elms."

His masterful voice had the dry tone in it betokening excitement. I leaned on the edge beside him and looked out. The blaze of stars almost compensated for the absence of the moon and the night had a quality of stillness that made for awe. This was a tropical summer, and the Common, with its dancing lights dotted irregularly about it, had an unfamiliar look to-night. The clump of nine elms showed as a dense and irregular mass, lacking detail.

Such moods as that which now claimed my friend are magnetic. I had no thought of the night's beauty, for it only served to remind me that somewhere amid London's millions was lurking an uncanny being, whose life was a mystery, whose very existence was a scientific miracle.

"Where's your patient?" rapped Smith.

His abrupt query diverted my thoughts into a new channel. No footstep disturbed the silence of the high-road; where was my patient?

I craned from the window. Smith grabbed my arm.

"Don't lean out," he said.

I drew back, glancing at him surprisedly.

"For Heaven's sake, why not?"

"I'll tell you presently, Petrie. Do you see him?"

"I did, and I can't make out what he is doing. He seems to have remained standing at the gate for some reason."

"He has seen it!" snapped Smith. "Watch those elms."

His hand remained upon my arm, gripping it nervously. Shall I say that I was surprised? I can say it with truth. But I shall add that I was thrilled, eerily; for this subdued excitement and alert watching of Smith's could only mean one thing:

Fu-Manchu!

And that was enough to set me watching as keenly as he; to set me listening; not only for sounds outside the house but for sounds within. Doubts, suspicions, dreads, heaped themselves up in my mind. Why was Forsyth standing there at the gate? I had never seen him before, to my knowledge, yet there was something oddly reminiscent about the man. Could it be that his visit formed part of a plot? Ye: his wound had been genuine enough. Thus my mind worked,

feverishly; such was the effect of an unspoken thought—Fu-Manchu.

Nayland Smith's grip tightened on my arm.

"There it is again, Petrie!" he whispered. "Look, look!"

His words were wholly unnecessary. I, too, had

the highroad and cross on to the Common a hundred yards up, where there is a pathway, as though homeward bound to the north side. Give me half a minute's start, then you proceed in an opposite direction and cross from the corner of the next road. Directly you are out of the light of the street lamps, get over the rails and run for the elms!"

He thrust a pistol into my hand and was off. While he had been with me, speaking in that incisive, impetuous way of his, with his dark face close to mine, and his eyes gleaming like steel, I had been at

one with him in his feverish mood, but now, when I stood alone, in that staid and respectable byway, holding a loaded pistol in my hand, the whole thing became utterly unreal.

It was in an odd frame of mind that I walked to the next corner, as directed; for I was thinking, not of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the great and evil man who dreamed of Europe and America under Chinese rule, not of Nayland Smith, who alone stood between the Chinaman and the realization of his monstrous schemes, not even of Karamanèh, the slave girl, whose glorious beauty was a weapon of might in Fu-Manchu's hand, but of what impression I must have made upon a patient had I encountered one then.

Such were my ideas up to the moment that I crossed to the Common and vaulted into the field on my right. As I began to run toward the elms I found myself wondering what it was all about, and for what we were come. Fifty yards west of the trees it occurred to me that if Smith had counted on cutting Forsyth off we were too late, for it appeared to me that he must already be in the copse.

I was right. Twenty paces more I ran, and ahead of me, from the elms, came a sound. Clearly it came through the still air—the eerie hoot of a nighthawk. I

could not recall ever to have heard the cry of that bird on the Common before, but oddly enough I attached little significance to it until, in the ensuing instant, a most dreadful scream—a scream in which fear, and loathing, and anger were hideously blended—thrilled my very soul.

After that I have no recollection of anything until I found myself standing by the southernmost elm.

"Smith!" I cried breathlessly. "Smith! my God! where are you?"

As if in answer to my cry came an indescribable sound, a mingled sobbing and choking. Out from the shadows staggered a ghastly figure—that of a man whose face appeared to be streaked. His eyes glared at me madly and he mowed the air with his hands like one blind and insane with fear.

I started back; words died upon my tongue. The figure reeled and the man fell babbling and sobbing at my very feet.

Inert I stood, looking down at him. He writhed a moment—and was still. The silence again became perfect. Then, from somewhere beyond the elms, Nayland Smith appeared. I did not move. Even when he stood beside me, I merely stared at him fatuously.

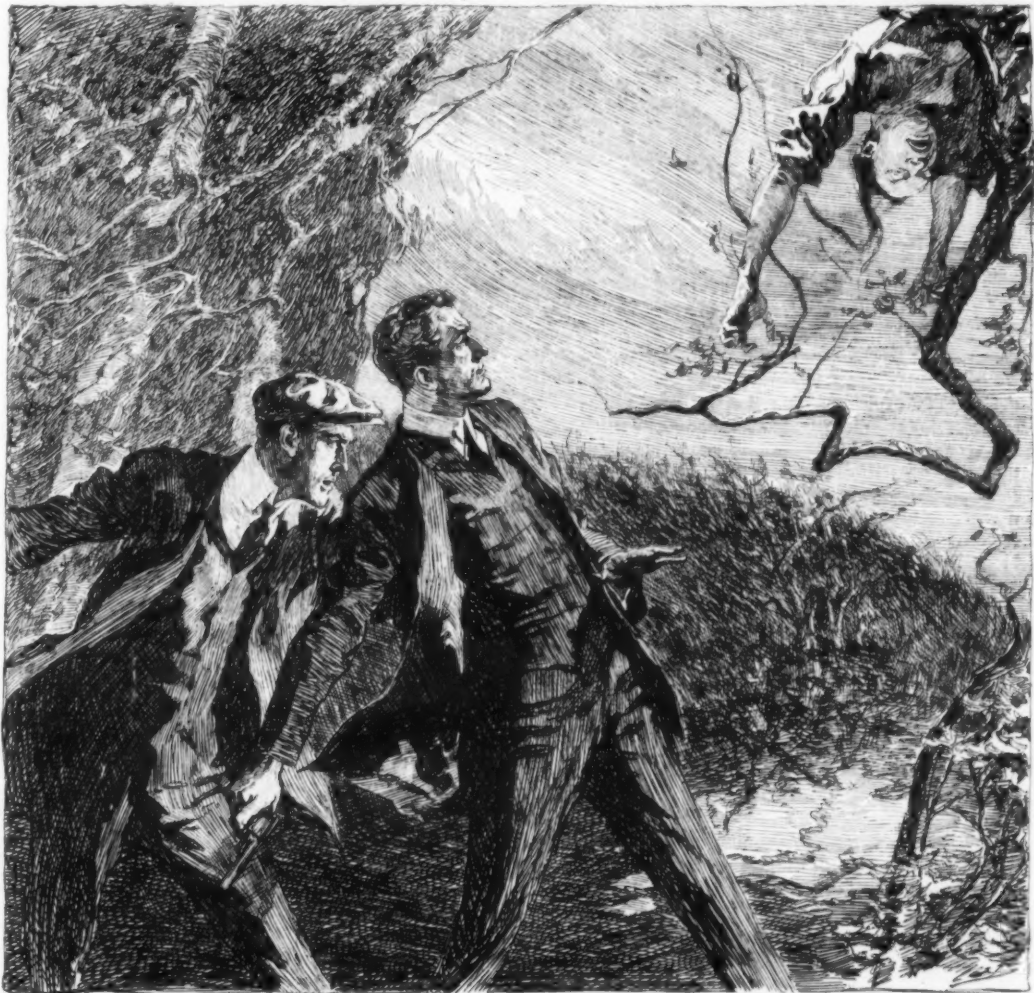
"I let him walk to his death, Petrie," I heard dimly. "God forgive me—God forgive me!"

The words aroused me.

"Smith"—my voice came as a whisper—"for one awful moment I thought—"

"So did some one else," he rapped. "Our poor sailor has met the end designed for me, Petrie!"

At that I realized two things: I knew why Forsyth's



"I had heard a loud splintering and sweeping of branches overhead; and now, as we staggered back into the shadows, a huge bough fell from above with an appalling crash. One piercing, awful shriek there was, a crackling of branches, and a choking groan...."

seen it: a wonderful and uncanny sight. Out of the darkness under the elms, low down upon the ground, grew a vaporous blue light. It flared up, elfin, then began to ascend. Like an igneous phantom, a witch flame, it rose, higher—higher—higher, to what I adjudged to be some twelve feet or more from the ground. Then, high in the air, it died away again as it had come!

"For God's sake, Smith, what was it?"

"Don't ask me, Petrie. I have seen it twice. We—" He paused. Rapid footsteps sounded below. Over Smith's shoulder I saw Forsyth cross the road, climb the low rail, and set out across the Common.

Smith sprang impetuously to his feet.

"We must stop him!" he said hoarsely; then, clapping a hand to my mouth as I was about to call out—"Not a sound, Petrie!"

HE RAN out of the room and went blundering downstairs in the dark, crying:

"Out through the garden—the side entrance!"

I overtook him as he threw wide the door of my dispensing room. Through he ran and opened the door at the other end. I followed him out, closing it behind me. The smell from some tobacco plants in a neighboring flower bed was faintly perceptible; no breeze stirred; and in the great silence I could hear Smith, in front of me, tugging at the bolt of the gate. Then he had it open, and I stepped out, close on his heels, and left the door ajar.

"We must not appear to have come from your house," explained Smith rapidly. "I will go along to

face had struck me as being familiar in some puzzling way and I knew why Forsyth now lay dead upon the grass. Save that he was a fair man and wore a slight mustache, he was, in features and build, the double of Nayland Smith!

We raised the poor victim and turned him over on his back. I dropped upon my knees, and with unsteady fingers began to strike a match. A slight breeze was arising and sighing gently through the elms, but, screened by my hands, the flame of the match took life. It illuminated wanly the sun-baked face of Nayland Smith, his eyes gleaming with unnatural brightness. I bent forward, and the dying light of the match touched that other face.

"Oh, God!" whispered Smith.

A faint puff of wind extinguished the match.

In all my surgical experience I had never met with anything quite so horrible. Forsyth's livid face was streaked with tiny streams of blood, which proceeded from a series of irregular wounds. One group of these clustered upon his left temple, another beneath his right eye, and others extended from the chin down to the throat. They were black, almost like tattoo marks, and the entire injured surface was bloated indescribably. His fists were clenched; he was quite rigid.

Smith's piercing eyes were set upon me eloquently as I knelt on the path and made my examination—an examination which that first glimpse when Forsyth came staggering out from the trees had rendered useless—a mere matter of form.

"He's quite dead, Smith," I said huskily. "It's—unnatural—it—"

Smith began beating his fist into his left palm and taking little, short, nervous strides up and down beside the dead man. I could hear a car skirling along the highroad, but I remained there on my knees staring dully at the disfigured bloody face which but a matter of minutes since had been that of a clean-looking British seaman. I found myself contrasting his neat, squarely trimmed mustache with the bloated face above it, and counting the little drops of blood which trembled upon its edge. There were footsteps approaching. I stood up. The footsteps quickened; and I turned as a constable ran up.

"What's this?" he demanded gruffly, and stood with his fists clenched, looking from Smith to me and down at that which lay between us. Then his hand flew to his breast; there was a silvery gleam and—

"Drop that whistle!" snapped Smith—and struck it from the man's hand. "Where's your lantern? Don't ask questions!"

The constable started back and was evidently debating upon his chances with the two of us, when my friend pulled a letter from his pocket and thrust it under the man's nose.

"Read that!" he directed harshly, "and then listen to my orders."

THERE was something in his voice which changed the officer's opinion of the situation. He directed the light of his lantern upon the open letter and seemed to be stricken with wonder.

"If you have any doubt," continued Smith—"you may not be familiar with the Commissioner's signature—you have only to ring up Scotland Yard from Dr. Petrie's house, to which we shall now return, to disperse them." He pointed to Forsyth. "Help us to carry him there. We must not be seen; this must be hushed up. You understand? It must not get into the press—"

The man saluted respectfully; and the three of us addressed ourselves to the mournful task. By slow stages we bore the dead man to the edge of the Common, carried him across the road and into my house, without exciting attention even on the part of those vagrants who nightly slept out in the neighborhood.

We laid our burden upon the surgery table.

"You will want to make an examination, Petrie," said Smith in his decisive way, "and the officer here might phone for the ambulance. I have some investigations to make also. I must have the pocket lamp."

He raced upstairs to his room, and an instant later came running down again. The front door banged.

"The telephone is in the hall," I said to the constable.

"Thank you, sir."

He went out of the surgery as I switched on the lamp over the table and began to examine the marks upon Forsyth's skin. These, as I have said, were in groups and nearly all in the form of elongated punctures; a fairly deep incision with a pear-shaped and superficial scratch beneath it. One of the tiny wounds had penetrated the right eye.

The symptoms, or those which I had been enabled to observe as Forsyth had first staggered into view from among the elms, were most puzzling. Clearly enough, the muscles of articulation and the respiratory muscles had been affected; and now the livid face, dotted over with tiny wounds (they were also



Karamaneh was on the point of speaking when I extended my hand. Ere I had time to realize her purpose, she flung back from me with wild grace, turned, and ran with the lightness and swiftness of the fawn, like the daughter of the desert that she was

on the throat), set me mentally groping for a clue to the manner of his death.

No clue presented itself; and my detailed examination of the body availed me nothing. The gray herald of dawn was come when the police arrived with the ambulance and took Forsyth away.

I was just taking my cap from the rack when Nayland Smith returned.

"Smith!" I cried—"have you found anything?"

He stood there in the gray light of the hallway, tugging at the lobe of his left ear—an old trick of his.

The bronzed face looked very gaunt, I thought, and his eyes were bright with that febrile glitter which once I had disliked, but which I had learned from experience to be due to tremendous nervous excitement. At such times he could act with icy coolness and his mental faculties seemed temporarily to require an abnormal keenness. He made no direct reply; but—

"Have you any milk?" he jerked abruptly.

So wholly unexpected was the question, that for a moment I failed to grasp it. Then—

"Milk!" I began.

"Exactly, Petrie! If you can find me some milk, I shall be obliged."

I turned to descend to the kitchen, when—

"The remains of the turbot from dinner, Petrie, would also be welcome, and I think I should like a trowel."

I stopped at the stairhead and faced him.

"I cannot suppose that you are joking, Smith," I said, "but am I to assume that you propose to eat boiled turbot with a trowel?"

He laughed dryly.

"Forgive me, old man," he replied. "I was so preoccupied with my own train of thought that it never occurred to me how absurd my request must have sounded. I will explain my singular tastes later; at the moment, *hustle* is the watchword."

Evidently he was in earnest, and I ran downstairs accordingly, returning with a garden trowel, a plate of cold fish and a glass of milk.

"Thanks, Petrie," said Smith—"if you would put the milk in a jug—"

I was past wondering, so I simply went and fetched a jug into which he poured the milk. Then, with the trowel in his pocket, the plate of cold turbot in one hand and the milk jug in the other, he made for the door. He had it open when another idea evidently occurred to him.

"I'll trouble you for the pistol, Petrie."

I handed him the pistol without a word.

"Don't assume that I want to mystify you," he added, "but the presence of anyone else might jeopardize my plan. I don't expect to be long."

The cold light of dawn flooded the hallway momentarily; then the door closed again and I went upstairs to my study, watching Nayland Smith as he strode across the Common in the early morning mist. He was making for the Nine Elms, but I lost sight of him before he reached them.

I sat there for some time, watching for the first glow

of sunrise. A policeman tramped past the house and a while later a belated reveler in evening clothes. That sense of unreality assailed me again. Out there in the gray mists a man who was vested with powers which rendered him a law unto himself, who had the British Government behind him in all that he might choose to do, who had been summoned from Rangoon to London on singular and dangerous business, was employing himself with a plate of cold turbot, a jug of milk, and a trowel!

Away to the right, and just barely visible, a tramcar stopped by the Common; then proceeded on its way, coming in a westerly direction. Its lights twinkled yellowly through the grayness, but I was less concerned with the approaching car than with the solitary traveler who had descended from it.

As the car went rocking by below me, I strained my eyes in an endeavor more clearly to discern the figure which, leaving the highroad, had struck out across the Common. It was that of a woman, who seemingly carried a bulky bag or parcel.

One must be a gross materialist to doubt that there are latent powers in man which man, in modern times, neglects, or knows not how to develop. I became suddenly conscious of a burning curiosity respecting this lonely traveler who traveled at an hour so strange. With no definite plan in mind, I went downstairs, took a cap from the rack, and walked briskly out of the house and across the Common in a direction which I thought would enable me to head off the woman.

I had slightly miscalculated the distance, as Fate would have it, and with a patch of gorse effectually screening my approach, I came upon her, kneeling on the damp grass and unfastening the bundle which had attracted my attention. I stopped and watched her.

She was dressed in bedraggled fashion in rusty black, wore a common black straw hat and a thick veil; but it seemed to me that the dexterous hands at work untying the bundle were slim and white; and I perceived a pair of hideous cotton gloves lying on the turf beside her. As she threw open the wrappings and lifted out something that looked like a small shrimp-like net, I stepped around the bush, crossed silently the intervening patch of grass, and stood beside her.

A faint breath of perfume reached me—of a perfume which, like the secret incense of Ancient Egypt, seemed to assail my soul. The glamour of the Orient was in that subtle essence; and I only knew one woman who used it. I bent over the kneeling figure.

"Good morning," I said, "can I assist you in any way?"

She came to her feet like a startled deer, and flung away from me with the lithe movement of some Eastern dancing girl.

Now came the sun, and its heralding rays struck sparks from the jewels upon the white fingers of this woman who wore the garments of a mendicant. My heart gave a great leap. It was with difficulty that I controlled my voice.

"There is no cause for alarm," I added.

She stood watching me; even through the coarse veil I could see how her eyes glittered. I stooped and picked up the net.

"Oh!" The whispered word was scarcely audible; but it was enough; I doubted no longer.

"This is a net for bird snaring," I said. "What strange bird are you seeking—*Karamaneh*?"

WITH a passionate gesture Karamaneh snatched off the veil, and with it the ugly black hat. The cloud of wonderful, intractable hair came rumpling about her face, and her glorious eyes blazed out upon me. How beautiful they were with the dark beauty of an Egyptian night; how often had they looked into mine in dreams!

To labor against a ceaseless yearning for a woman whom one knows, upon evidence that none but a fool might reject to be worthless—evil; is there any torture to which the soul of man is subject more pitiless? Yet this was my lot, for what past sins assigned to me I was unable to conjecture; and this was the woman, this lovely slave of a monster, this creature of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

"I suppose you will say that you do not know me!" I said harshly.

Her lips trembled, but she made no reply.

"It is very convenient to forget, sometimes," I ran on bitterly, then checked myself; for I knew that my words were prompted by a reckless desire to hear her defense by a fool's hope that it might be an acceptable one. I looked again at the net contrivance

in my hand; it had a strong spring fitted to it and a line attached. Quite obviously it was intended for snatching. "What were you about to do?" I demanded sharply—but in my heart, poor fool that I was, I found admiration for the exquisite arch of Karamanèh's lips, and reproach because they were so tremulous. She spoke then.

"Dr. Petrie—"

"Well?"

"You seem to be—angry with me, not so much because of what I do, as because I do not remember you. Yet—"

"Kindly do not revert to the matter," I interrupted. "You have chosen, very conveniently, to forget that once we were friends. Please yourself. But answer my question."

She clasped her hands with a sort of wild abandon. "Why do you treat me so!" she cried; she had the most fascinating accent imaginable. "Throw me into prison, kill me if you like for what I have done!" She stamped her foot. "For what I have done! But do not torture me, try to drive me mad with your reproaches—that I forget you! I tell you—again I tell you—that until you came one night, last week, to rescue some one from—" There was the old trick of hesitating before the name of Fu-Manchu. "—From him, I had never, never seen you!"

The dark eyes looked into mine, afire with a positive hunger for belief—or so I was almost tempted to suppose. But the facts were against her.

"Such a declaration is worthless," I said as coldly as I could. "You are a traitress; you betray those who are mad enough to trust you—"

"I am no traitress!" she blazed at me; her eyes were magnificent.

"This is mere nonsense. You think that it will pay you better to serve Fu-Manchu than to remain true to your friends. Your 'slavery'—for I take it you are posing as a slave again—is evidently not very harsh. You serve Fu-Manchu, lure men to their destruction, and in return he loads you with jewels, lavishes gifts—"

"Ah! so!"

SHE sprang forward, raising flaming eyes to mine; her lips slightly parted. With that wild abandon which betrayed the desert blood in her veins, she wrenched open the neck of her bodice and slipped a soft shoulder free of the garment. She twisted around, so that the white skin was but inches removed from me. "These are some of the gifts that he lavishes upon me!" I clenched my teeth. Insane thoughts flooded my mind. For that creamy skin was veiled with the marks of the lash!

She turned, quickly rearranging her dress, and

watching me a while. I could not trust myself to speak for a moment, then: "If I am a stranger to you, as you claim, why do you give me your confidence?" I asked.

"I have known you long enough to trust you!" she said simply.

Without looking at her, I said: "Why do you serve this inhuman monster?"

She snapped her fingers oddly, and looked up at me from under her lashes. "Why do you question me if you think that everything I say is a lie?"

It was a lesson in logic—from a woman! I changed the subject.

"Tell me what you came here to do," I demanded.

She pointed to the net in my hands.

"To catch birds; you have said so yourself."

"What bird?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

A memory was burning into my brains: it was that of the cry of the night hawk which had harbingered the death of Forsyth! The net was a large and strong one; could it be that some horrible fowl of the air—some creature unknown to Western naturalists—had been released upon the Common last night? I thought of the marks upon Forsyth's face and throat; I thought of the profound knowledge of obscure and dreadful things possessed by the Chinaman. (Continued on page 28)

THE MESSAGE OF ANN LAURA SWEET

BY ELLA HIGGINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

"WELL, good grief!" exclaimed Ann Laura Sweet, coming in at eight o'clock in the morning to spend the day. "It does a soul good to see you once more. It's been ten years, if it's been a day, since I laid eyes on you. Well—the dimple in your chin ain't any older—even if the rest of you is."

My feathers fell. "Take off your hat, Ann Laura," said I. "You must be tired, after getting up so early and riding so far in the rain."

"Oh, not very," responded Ann Laura, cheerfully. She sat down in a large rocking-chair and leaned back as comfortably as though it had been made for her. She was sixty years old, and looked scarcely fifty. She was large, but well girdled; gray-haired, but rosy; roughened by hard work, but unlined by worry. "You see, I'm used to getting up early." She pulled off her silk gloves and rolled them together neatly before laying them on the table at her side. "I've got up early all my life. I don't know anything but getting up early and working hard all day."

A pang of remorse shot through me. It had been hard to rise so early to receive her.

"And as for the rain," she went on, happily, "why, Emmeline, I just love the rain. You know—well, I never had a dollar that I didn't earn, and I haven't now; and the Almighty knows how hard I've worked for everyone I have—but still sometimes, when I find myself enjoying clean through the things that other people complain about, why, it seems to me that I'm about the richest woman on earth."

She took off her hat, pushed the long pins into it thoughtfully, and laid it beside her gloves.

"Now, this very morning, Emmeline: as I look back over it, every minute seems perfect; but nothing quite so good as the rain. It made every field and every orchard and every flower ten times sweeter than they'd 'a' been without it. No, no." She laughed humorously. "If you've got to pity me, take something besides the rain and getting up early. I never sensed that there was anything to pity me for. I can work as hard at sixty as I could at twenty-six; my back's straight, my shoulders up, and my legs good; nearly all my teeth's my own; my hair's coming out some, but I only wear one switch and it's made out of my own hair; I can see and hear and smell and, God knows, *talk*—she laughed again—"and I've been back to Kansas twice in twenty years," she bragged proudly.

"Twice?" asked I feebly, feeling myself shrinking away into nothingness.

"Yes, Emmeline, twice. I tell you, there are lots and lots of people"—her eyes fairly sparkled—"well-to-do people who don't have to work hard for a living, who can't say they've been to Kansas twice on visits—let alone being born there and living there till they're twenty."

"No, indeed," said I.

"No, indeed," said Ann Laura Sweet. "And, Emmeline, if I've ever done anything good in my life—any real good deed—it was on my visits to Kansas."

She sat back in her chair and looked into the fire with earnest, reminiscent eyes.

"I was born in a dugout on the Kansas prairie [prairie]. When I was about two year old my father died. My mother struggled along trying to make a liv-

This story won a \$500 prize in Collier's \$9,500 Prize Fiction Contest. The next prize story will be published in an early issue of Collier's

ing for herself, my two older sisters, and me; but with grasshoppers and gophers—it was too much for her. She married Steppaw. He had three sons and three daughters, and as we only had two rooms and a lean-to in our dugout, we went to live in his, which had three rooms, a lean-to, and a loft without any windows. Two of the rooms were only big enough to hold a bed, though, and the windows were only a foot square."

"For eleven people!" said I. "Mercy, Ann Laura!"

She looked at me. There was kind disapproval in her eyes.

"That was nothing," said she. "We had company to stay nearly all the time. Steppaw was the best man that ever lived. He was never satisfied unless he was feeding somebody. I swan, Emmeline! There wa'n't a Sunday come that he didn't bring home a wagonload from church to dinner, and maybe stay all night."

"Did you find so many step-

"It seemed as if I could see Steppaw day and night, sitting in the door of the dugout, looking for me and calling 'Ann Laura, Ann Laura'."



brothers and stepsisters congenial?" I asked, not thinking of anything more original in the silence that followed.

"Tiptop," exclaimed Ann Laura. Her eyes shone. They were the nicest boys and girls. It wa'n't no time till we loved 'em like our own flesh. My, my!" Her eyes filled of a sudden with tears. "How happy we all used to be in that old dugout! I've never been so happy since—and I've been married three times and am a widow again," she added, in a proud tone.

There seemed to be no possible reply to this; so I looked into the fire and was silent.

"I could marry again," she went on, cheerfully; "over and over, the land knows. But I do' know as I will. There ain't so all-fired much in marrying, when all's said and done, Emmeline. There was a woman back in Kansas married so often they called her 'Marrying Semia'; but I didn't see as she was so terrible happy. So I do' know."

She ceased speaking and looked at me fixedly. "Do you save your combings?"

"Do I save—what?"

"Why, your combings? Do you save your combings?"

"No, Ann Laura," I faltered, feeling a little giddy.

"Well, I do wish you'd save them for me. The hair woman could mix in some gray, so's they'd be a real good match for my hair. The time's coming when I'll need a new switch; and even though we're only relations by marriage, I'd rather wear your hair, Emmeline, than an out-and-out stranger's; so you needn't feel a bit backward or squeamish about saving your combings for me. . . . Well, let me see. Where was I at, anyhow? Oh, yes, I remember. I got married and come out West. My first husband died when Lela was a little thing. That was a terrible trouble, Emmeline."

Her face wrinkled suddenly and quick tears rolled down her cheeks again. "But after a while I got married, and that was worse. It was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. He was just no account; so I upped and left him. I won't filly-fool around with any man that ain't worth his salt. That's one thing about me. They've got to be worth their salt. . . . The third one wa'n't worth his'n, so I left him and took my first one's name again. . . . Well, one day when Lela was a good-sized girl, she was in the sitting room one day, tanning, and I was in the kitchen—standing room, I call it—she broke off with her cheerful laugh.

"I was ironing. It was eighteen year ago, but I remember just as well what I was ironing. It was a blue-and-white stripe

gingham, and just as I got halfway down the stripe a kind o' vision come to me. It was just as if I saw steppaw sitting all alone in the door of that Kansas dugout. I saw him just as plain; and I stood so still that the iron burned a hole in the gingham. You see, my mother had died about four months before that, and steppaw was seventy-nine years old."

She counted on her fingers.

"Yes, seventy-nine. . . . Well, that vision took such a holt of me that I cried right out: 'Lela, Lela! I'm going back to Kansas to see steppaw.' 'You lost your mind?' Lela calls back. She's great at her jokes. 'No, I ain't lost my mind,' I calls back to her. 'I'm going to start this very week.' 'I smell something burning,' calls Lela, calls she. 'Well, I don't care if you do,' calls I. 'It's only this gingham. You can buy gingham any day, but you can't go to Kansas once in a coon's age.'"

Ann Laura paused for breath, coaxing it along with a sigh. "Well, I guess nobody ever had such a time getting to go anywheres. Lela and everybody else fought it. We argued, too, and pro and con; but I was just like all possessed. It seemed as if I could see steppaw day and night, sitting in the door of the dugout with one hand over his eyes, looking for me, and calling: 'Ann Laura! Ann Laura!' So one day I just upped and started, taking Lela along with me. I didn't let anybody know, so when we got to the little station on the Kansas parara, we had to hire a buckboard. We stopped at sister Lib Deal's first, and she come out to the gate to see who her compny was. We hadn't seen one another for eighteen year."

"Lib Deal," says I, solemnly, "don't you sense your own flesh and blood?"

"She gave a scream like."

"Oh, Ann Laura! Ann Laura! Is that you? What do you think has happened to steppaw?"

"She burst right out crying and threw her apron over her head."

"Is steppaw dead, Lib Deal?" says I—and I begun to cry, too, for he was dear as an own father and I'd come all that way to see him."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cries Lib Deal, sobbing awful. "Ann Laura, he's gone and got married! Seventy-nine year old and maw gone only four months! . . . And who do you suppose he's married? That old Dellah Hand?"

"Dellah!" ejaculated I, quite unexpectedly even to myself, yet firmly repressing all appearances of mirth."

"Yes, Dellah. I never'd heard of her before; I just stood gazing at Lib Deal; I guess my mouth fell open. 'Are you telling the truth, Lib Deal?' says I at last. 'God knows I am,' says she. 'She's sixty-nine, Ann Laura; and she's got six children; and steppaw's got 'em all huddled up in his dugout. I bet they sleep standing up in the chimney, for I can't think of any other place for 'em. They're all married but one daughter, and steppaw's going to dig dugouts all around his'n—like gophers' holes. I expect!—for Dellah Hand's children to live in. Live on steppaw! That's what it means. I swan, I'll never set a foot inside his dugout as long as I live! Ain't you coming in, Ann Laura?"

"I guess I'll go on," says I, "and see Hat Em, and take her by surprise. I'll come back and visit you in a few days."

"We drove off and left her standing at the gate with her apron over her head, and her skirts blowing out every which way for Sunday. When we got to Hat Em's, well, she sensed who I was right away. Hat Em wa'n't very strong. She was little and frail, and she just seemed to blow around, like a thistledown. She threw her arms around my neck and burst into the most terrible crying."

"Oh, Ann Laura! What do you think steppaw has done? He's gone and got married. . . . And who do you think he's married? Here the tears just run down Hat Em's cheeks like streams. 'Why, that old Dellah Hand! Sixty-nine year old, Ann Laura, and she's got six children, all married but one, and all living off of steppaw in that old dugout—and where they sleep I do' know, unless it's in trum-el beds and on top o' the kitchen stove. I'll never go a-near 'em as long as God gives me breathing. Maw only gone four months—and that old Dellah Hand a-setting there in maw's chair, and a-cooking on maw's cookstove she was so proud of—it had four holes—and a-eating up maw's preserves and sweet pickles. I almost lose my mind with dwelling on it day and night.'"

"Well, don't dwell on it, Hat Em," says I, drawing a long breath. "What's the use? Steppaw's been a mighty good father to us, and he was a mighty good husband to maw; and now she's gone—and he's all alone—and old—and—"

"Oh, go on a-taking his part!" cries out Hat Em wildly, sobbing right out loud. "Him seventy-nine year old! And all them children! I wouldn't feel so awful terrible about it, I reckon, if it wa'n't for all them children."

"Well, as for the children, Hat Em," says I, "steppaw took a lot of us in and hovered us and we all turned out pretty well. I don't see as it's so much agin anybody, having a lot of children. It's Kansas and Mizoura agin the world for children. And if they're all married—"

"Don't you talk to me," weeps Hat Em. "I'll never go a-near 'em. It ain't the dugout; I don't want the dugout when steppaw's earthly lot is spun, as the Bible says. It's maw's things and maw's place. And to think of its being that old Dellah Hand—"

"Hat Em," says I sternly, "once and for all, what is there agin this old Dellah Hand?"

"Hat Em, she just sobbed on and on for some time."

"Ain't?" says I.

"Oh, I do' know what all there is agin her," sobs

Lib Deal, she called it *Handville*, and Hat Em, for all she's been called the gentle one of us girls, she called it *Dellahtown*. I had to laugh at that, but I bet I did it in my sleeve. I wouldn't 'umor them to let them see me laugh."

"Isaphene, the young woman daughter, just about carried me on two chips. My own neeces wa'n't half, nor a hundredth part, so kind to me as she was; and after I'd visit around with my own kin and then come back to steppaw and Dellah and Isaphene, it begun to glimmer in on me that steppaw hadn't been such an awful dunce to choose Dellah and her folks to live with, instead of his own flesh. They didn't find fault and pick him to pieces; they seemed to think he was just perfect, and they let him do just as he pleased. They even seemed to think I was all right—and that was more than any of my own kin ever did. Instead of praising the good in me and helping me to put my best foot forward, my own kin always held up my faults and rattled 'em at me day and night, like a nigger playing bones. Mebbe you've heard it said that Heaven gives us our kin, but, thank the Almighty, we can choose our friends. And sometimes it seems just so— If you could of seen poor old steppaw—seventy-nine year old—a-setting with tears running down his

old cheeks over the way his own fambly treated him; and then these strange women doing for him and making over him, and even making excuses for his fambly, you wouldn't of blamed him. I'll admit, when all's said and done, this marrying is terrible guesswork—"

HERE Ann Laura Sweet paused and looked at me fixedly.

"Emmeline," said she in a kind of embarrassed way, "it does seem so good to have this visit with you that I'm just going to admit that I *have* thought of marrying again. I do' know as I will, though," she added hastily, "for it is terrible guesswork. But I can— Well, let me see; where was I at? . . . Oh, yes, I remember. Well, I stayed all summer, visiting around, and winter come on, and I'd ought to come home, if oughts count for anything; but whenever I'd mention it, poor old steppaw would set with tears running down his cheeks, and old Dellah'd get up heavy out of her chair and sly away into the lean-to, so's we'd be alone. He'd beg me not to leave him without any kin in his old age. I'd get so wrought up I'd cry, too. And so it was."

"At last Christmas come."

One night old Dellah comes to me as white as a sheet. She'd been crying.

"Ann Laura," wails she, "don't you think you might get all your fambly to come to dinner on Christmas Day, if my daughter and me'll get the dinner all by ourselves and then stay out in the kitchen while you all eat?"

"Oh, Dellah," says I, "and something begun to hurt in my throat; 'I wouldn't let you do that.'"

"I know *you* wouldn't," says she, "but I'd do anything on this earth to get them to make with your poor old steppaw, and I thought, mebbe, if it seemed like me knucklin' down to them, instead of them to me—why, mebbe they'd come—"

"Right here her old voice quivered so she couldn't finish, and all of a sudden it come to me that here all my life long I'd ached to do some great deed; and that there ain't anything greater than to make people happy; and that here was my chance; and that it 'ud be all the greater deed because it 'ud be all in my own heart and not shouted out loud from the housetops. You see, Emmeline, it's just like this. I took a long ocean voyage once with a friend that was just aching to do good. She was under heavy obligations to me, but that just seems to make some kind of people haughty. Well, she just went around that ship a-searching for sickness, so's she could air off what she knew and distinguish herself by her noble kindness to complete and utter strangers. If anybody had a headache or a toeache, behold and lo! there she was with her camphire bottle a-bathing his or her head or toe like a bathing machine—while all the time I was lying alone in my berth, as sick as a dog, and the ship a-rolling so's I couldn't eat even when my stomach would let me, because I couldn't hold the tray and get



"When she came back, old Dellah was with her; they'd both been crying, but they looked happy then"

she at last, 'nor what there ain't. It's just her—and all them children. A-trompin' around!"

"Well, Emmeline, I went in and stayed all night and tried to get her mind off of steppaw, but you might as well of tried to put Jonah's whale through the eye of a needle. She wept and wept, till it seemed as if Kansas couldn't ever have another drou't; and it was just like that for two weeks, till I couldn't stand it any longer. I upped all of a sudden and went to see steppaw. The girls had cried for sorrow, but poor old steppaw cried for joy."

"You're the first to come to see me, Ann Laura," says he. "Even my own flesh and blood won't come. But, Emmeline, I was so lonesome I couldn't stand it; and poor old Dellah, she was lonesome, too; and it didn't seem any harm to get married. I didn't mean any disrespect to your mother, Ann Laura, God knows. I worshiped the ground she trod on, and Dellah knows it, and she never complains when I set here and think of your mother. Nobody but old, old people, Ann Laura, knows how awful it is to live a lifetime with somebody and then be left all alone. Children don't understand; but Dellah and me do. We make allowance for one another, and we could have some peaceful days yet before we die, if only my children would come to see me. They are breaking my old heart, Ann Laura, staying away from me; and you look like an angel to me for coming. I can't have a happy minute till they forgive me."

I NEVER was so surprised in anybody as I was in old Dellah. She wa'n't a bit pushing, and just as kind to me. All her children had got settled in dugouts around steppaw's but one young woman daughter who wa'n't married. It made so many dugouts,

food to my mouth at the same time. Then she'd come in at bedtime and smear her face with cold cream and crawl into her berth so heavy it 'ud crack and say: 'You wouldn't be so sick if you'd put a mustard plaster on your arm.' A mustard plaster on my arm! Now, Emmeline, God himself knows that the very last place on me I'd put a mustard plaster is my arm! I never was seasick in my arm in all my born days, and what's more, I don't expect to be taken with seasickness there. But so it is. Lots and lots of people, good people, go around aching so hard to do good that they look so far from them they don't see the good they might do right under their noses. It ain't the real good they want to do; it's the kind that attracts attention. There's people that give right and left where it'll be found out and then let their poor old parents hobble around with rheumatiz and not even give them somebody to do their work. And so, 'Ann Laura Sweet,' says I, 'right here and now is your great deed to be done that you've been a-pining for, so set to and do it.'

"Well, I just set to work on first one relation and then another. You'd be surprised, but the first one I got was Lib Deal. She'd always been the hard and stubborn one of the family, and I no more expected to see her give in than I'd expect to see blue kernels on a yellow roasting ear—or a yellow roasting ear with eardrums—but I do reckon that she just give in so's she could see old Delilah humiliate herself. Anyhow, after Lib Deal give in, the whole family give in, one after another, like a flock of sheep jumping over a pasture bars."

HERE Ann Laura leaned back in her chair and laughed silently for some time, with tiny wrinkles running around her kind and humorous eyes.

"Well, Emmeline, after every last one, little and big, haughty and meek, had ba-a-ed and jumped over the fence, I just set down all alone and laughed till I cried and then cried till I laughed. It didn't seem possible I'd done it," she added.

"When I told old Delilah to go ahead with her Christmas dinner, poor old steppaw just begun to cry like a child. 'God bless you, Ann Laura,' says he. 'If you never do another good deed, God forever bless you for this one.' Old Delilah never opened her head and never shed a tear; but as long as I live I'll not forget her old chin. I never saw anybody's chin quiver the way her'n did. She come close to me and laid her hand on my shoulder, and kep' trying to say something, but her chin kep' on quivering so there wa'n't a sound come from her lips. Her face was just as gray as a stun. I hadn't sensed till that minute how much it all meant to old Delilah."

"Well, Emmeline, Christmas come and they all come trooping in and made up with steppaw. He just set before the fireplace and cried for joy. After a while everybody softened up with forgiving feelings, and talked just as if nothing had happened. Then Isaphene brought in the dinner, and there wa'n't a one of our family that could of got up such a dinner."

"For the land's sake!" cries out Lib Deal, a-staring, as the dinner come in.

"I want to know!" falters out Hat Em.

"Wall," says Hat Em's husband, Eli, drawling the way he always done, 'I don't want to know; I want to eat.' Eli was the worst old stubborn head in the hull family. He was so stubborn he set down on a live coal one time, and he was so stubborn he wouldn't 'umor the coal to get up, but just set there and turned as purple as a starfish on a piling, and hisses out: 'Burn, damn you, burn!'

"I'll tell you what we had for dinner: Two big turkeys, brown and juicy, with the best stuffing and gravy; mash potato as light as feathers, with little wells of melted butter running into it—or out of it; little onions boiled, with cream sauce poured over them; corn and tomatoes, and macaroni with cheese browned on top; watermelon pickle so clear you could see yourself in it; currant jelly that set up in the dish and wavered from side to side without toppling over; tomato pickle and strawberry jam; baking-powder biscuit folded over with butter oozing out of the flap, and so light they just faded away agin your palate; salad and salted nuts and cottage cheese; and for dessert she had three kinds of pie—one was a custard two inches thick, flavored with nutmeg and vanilla; it was as smooth as velvet and just the right thickness; it wavered and wavered like the jelly, but didn't break apart—I tell you." Ann Laura laughed out suddenly. "I didn't waver any about eating it. There ain't one cook in a thousand can make good custard pie. . . . And then she had two kinds of layer cake, and floating island."

"Steppaw waited on us and beamed all over and seemed so happy till Hat Em goes and sets her foot in it. 'Ann Laura,' says she, 'what's in that glass dish

down there by you?' 'It looks like peach praserve,' says I, as innocent as a lamb.

"Looks like *what*?" says steppaw. He laid down his knife and fork and leaned over the table to peer.

"Peach praserve," says I, passing it to him. He looked at it and then burst into tears—and it wa'n't for joy. 'Oh, girls,' says he. 'Them's your mother's peach praserves.' He looks at Hat Em, Lib Deal, and me. 'I have been so cruel to poor Delilah; I wouldn't let her or Isaphene tech 'em because your ma worked so hard over 'em. And now she's saved 'em and set

"Emmeline"—Ann Laura sat back in her chair and folded her toll-worn hands, they were swollen and the joints were enlarged—"I had to leave for home the next day, and it was fifteen year before I heard another word about the day's work. Last summer Sister Hat Em was dying and she wanted I should come, so I upped and went. Old Delilah had been dead a year and I didn't even know it. There was poor old steppaw, ninety-four year old, a-living alone in the same dugout and hobbling over to take his meals at Delilah's granddaughter's."

"Nobody ever did a better deed than you did, Ann Laura, when you persuaded us-all to make up with old Delilah," says Lib Deal to me, alongside Sister Hat Em's dying bed. 'There ain't no better folks than her and her folks. We all thought as much of her as we do of steppaw; and as for him—well, he couldn't let her out of his sight, and if any of us was sick or in trouble, why, there was old Delilah a-standing at the door to help, like an angel from heaven. When she was dying we all stood around her, crying, and all at once she spoke up and whispers: 'God bless you-all; and God bless Ann Laura. If it hadn't been for Ann Laura, mebbe you'd never forgive me for marrying steppaw, and mebbe we'd never of got to understanding and loving each other so.'

"Then Hat Em got hold of my hand. 'Yes, God bless you, Ann Laura, sister,' trembles she in her dying voice. 'If it hadn't of been for you—'

BUT Ann Laura could say no more for tears. It was some time afterward that she continued in a shaken voice:

"So, you see, Emmeline, everybody can do something if they want to take the trouble. I expect your life now seems so full and you have so many ways of doing good that my story don't amount to much to you. But when a body has been poor and hard-working all his life, little things get to seeming big; and for that matter, mebbe what seems big to you wouldn't seem big to somebody else. I don't believe there's anybody so poor or 'umble that he ain't got a message to pass on to people higher up, if only he knew how. My story of old Delilah Hand always sounded to me like a message to everybody not to go a-seeking high and low for good to do when there's a-plenty chance to do it at home. I used to ache to do some big thing that people would hear about and talk about, but I don't any more. It was a poem that cured me."

She took her bag from a table and fumbled in it. "I've carried it with me so long it's most wore out. . . . Now I don't know any more about a poem than I do about an elephant's hind foot; but there's something in this'n that took hold of me."

She leaned forward in her chair and read aloud with great earnestness:

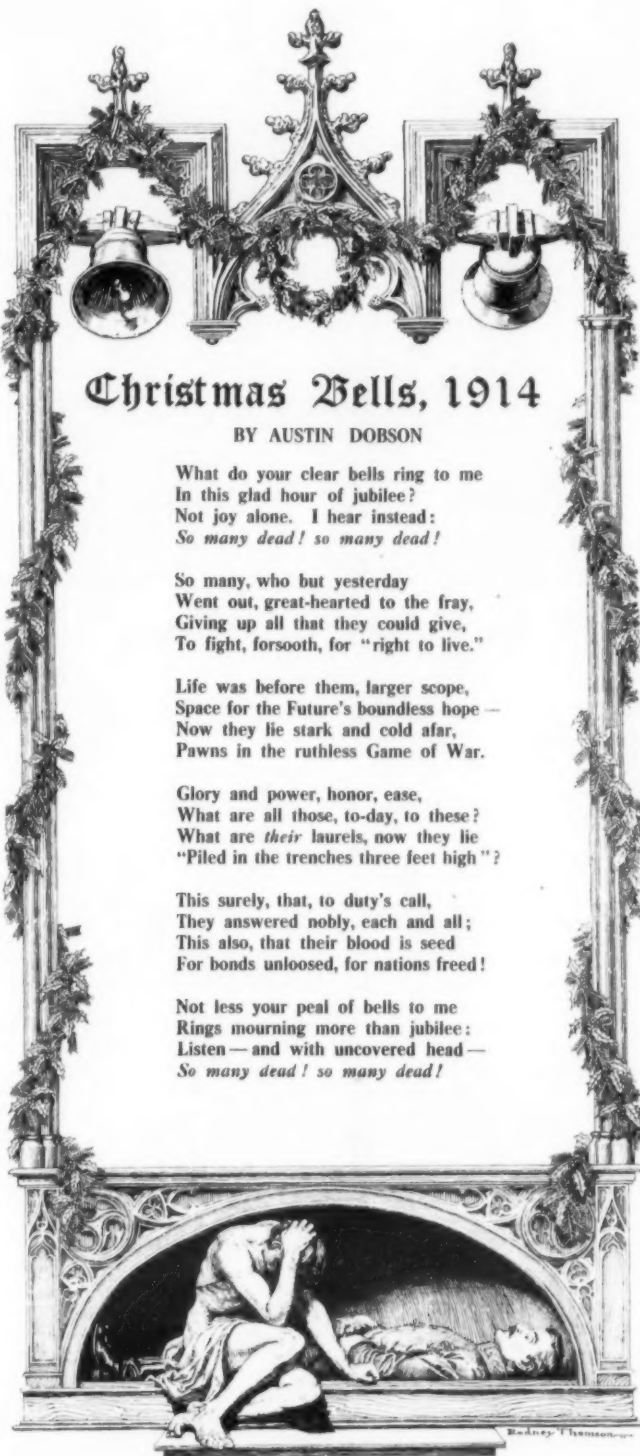
"I could content myself to be one drop
Among the myriad drops that swell the
breast
Of life's full sea, if I might ride the crest
Of some proud wave that none can overtop;
"If I might catch the sun's sweet morning
light,
When swift he mounts into the day's cool
space,
And paint his tinted clouds upon my face,
And wear the stars upon my breast at night.

"But, oh, to lie a hundred fathoms deep,
Down in a cold, dim cavern of the sea,
Where no sun ray can ever come to me,
Where shadows dwell and sightless crea-
tures creep;

"To gaze forever up, with straining eyes,
To where God's day illumines the shining sands,
To grope, and strive, and reach with pallid hands,
You never see the light, and never rise.

"I should go mad, but for a still, small voice,
A pitying voice, that sometimes says to me:
'It takes so many drops to fill life's sea,
Ye cannot all have places of your choice.'"

"Now, there," said Ann Laura Sweet, lifting her head and looking at me steadily. "If there ain't a message in that there poem for people like me, why, I don't know a message when I hear it. Sometimes it's seemed as if I'd earned my bread with the sweat of my heart, instead of the sweat of my face, as the Bible says, but that poem has helped me to make the best of everything and do the nearest good and not go around a-moaning to be something, or do something, that I can't be or do any more than a rhinoceros can be a lizard or a cow can catch a mouse. . . . So there!" wound up Ann Laura Sweet with a laugh; but there was a sound as of tears, shaken through her laugh; and there was something fine and beautiful shining upon her face.



Christmas Bells, 1914

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

What do your clear bells ring to me
In this glad hour of jubilee?
Not joy alone. I hear instead:
So many dead! so many dead!

So many, who but yesterday
Went out, great-hearted to the fray,
Giving up all that they could give,
To fight, forsooth, for "right to live."

Life was before them, larger scope,
Space for the Future's boundless hope—
Now they lie stark and cold afar,
Pawns in the ruthless Game of War.

Glory and power, honor, ease,
What are all those, to-day, to these?
What are their laurels, now they lie
"Piled in the trenches three feet high"?

This surely, that, to duty's call,
They answered nobly, each and all;
This also, that their blood is seed
For bonds unloosed, for nations freed!

Not less your peal of bells to me
Rings mourning more than jubilee:
Listen—and with uncovered head—
So many dead! so many dead!

'em out for your ma's children to eat up—and her out in that hot kitchen a-cooking and a-waiting on you. Oh, children, children! It ain't right to treat Delilah that way, and it ain't anything to be proud of."

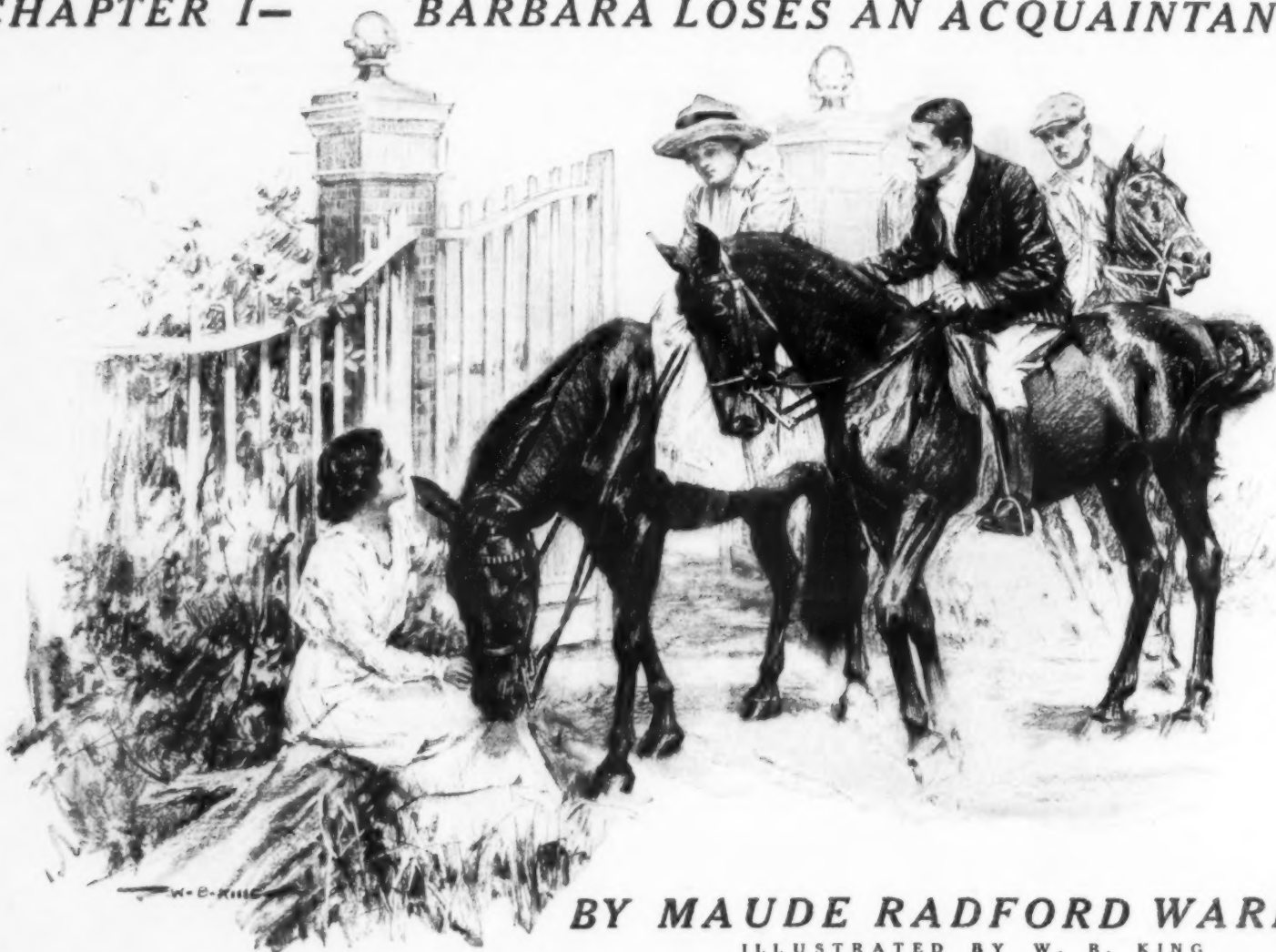
"Well, we all set there like stuns. At last Lib Deal says: 'We didn't ask her to ask us.' 'No, you didn't,' cackles old Eli, but we all come a-running when she ast us.'

"Lib Deal just glared. Pretty soon Hat Em blew up out of her chair and fluttered away into the kitchen. It was a long time before she come back, but when she did, old Delilah was with her; they'd both been crying, but they looked happy then."

"I wish you-all a Merry Christmas," says old Delilah Hand, 'every one of you, and many a Christmas besides. Hat Em wants I should set down and eat with you-all, but I ask you to excuse me. Some other time, mebbe. To-day I want you-all to forget there is any old Delilah Hand, and just have a good time eating and visiting together. If you want to give me a happier Christmas than I reckoned I'd ever have again, that's the way to do it. You don't know how welcome you are.' Then she turned and walked out into the kitchen, but not before I'd seen her chin quivering again. But such dignity!

BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

CHAPTER I— BARBARA LOSES AN ACQUAINTANCE



BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

BARBARA LANGWORTHY closed the front door softly after her and hurried down the long drive, sick and ashamed after the scene with Anita, her brother's wife. She could still see Anita's slightly raised upper lip, distended nostrils, and angry eyes; she could hear her thin, ugly voice saying those bitter words about dependent relations. It was a scene that was repeated with increasing frequency, and at every repetition Barbara more overwhelmingly felt the sting of her own helplessness.

As she neared the gate, she met her brother. Gilbert Langworthy carried his heavy bulk in a deprecating way; his light blue eyes were apologetic when they were not indifferent. For all that his years were only thirty-five he had an old man's spirit. He had sold himself to a moderately well-to-do woman, half a score years his senior, because she had bought in Grassmere, the old home of his people, because she wanted him, and because he hadn't considered himself any too fine a bargain for any woman. His soul was perishing from dry rot, and the only thing that survived in him was a passive affection for his only sister.

Barbara was passing him with averted eyes, when he stopped her with a fat hand on her arm.

"She's not very well, you know," he said; "we both must remember that. I reckon there wasn't a finer woman in Virginia when she was in health than she was. And she certainly has kept up the place well."

Gilbert's air implied that while Anita had not exactly made the world, yet she had rearranged it in a very creditable fashion for the benefit of the Langworthys. Barbara nodded and summoned up a smile; then she passed him and went on down the long driveway with swimming eyes and quick-stirring breast. She had stepped into a world of beauty, for October is the queen month of the seasons in Virginia. In the rose garden beyond the drive the last of the roses were blooming with all the beauty of the spring and with a keener fragrance, as if to make the most of their brief future. Above Barbara's brown head the autumn had built a gorgeous canopy of scarlet and golden leaves. The afternoon light suffused earth and sky with a mellow radiance, vibrating in the infinite space between, making the near shadows seem almost transparent, giving a gracious blur to far-off hedges and angles. The air was stimulating and yet subtly languorous, not only bidding to action, but to dreams, too.

Yet Barbara saw and felt nothing; she was a vessel of surging emotions, all her being reacting passionately

against her dependence, against the long, hopeless monotony of her days. As she walked on, her feelings were so keen that the very earth felt hot to her feet, the sunlight seemed to sting maliciously into her smarting eyes. She put her hands in front of them for a few moments; then she turned her face of young shame and misery toward the Blue Ridge Mountains, shouldering together in huddled, cool, purple beauty. From in front of the gate of Grassmere, straight into the mountains, stretched a long, dark-red road. She sat on a fallen sycamore by the side of the gate and clenched her thin hands together.

"I can't stand it," she said aloud; "the awful, deadly weariness of the days, with nothing ever happening—never, never."

She thought with throbbing distaste of the bedroom Anita had furnished for her, staring yellow curtains at the windows, yellow valances over the bed, cold, damp-etched steel engravings on the wall, and a hideous carpet that Barbara had seen as a child on the floor of the sick room of Anita's mother; she had put into it her child's horror of the dying woman, and she had never trodden it since without remembrance. That bedroom was as alien to her as was the sitting room where she sat between Gilbert and Anita in the evenings, waiting for the release of bedtime. Grassmere had not felt like home since Anita had brought it back to Gilbert.

"Nothing but this road has any life," Barbara thought, with passionate resentment. "Nothing happens in any of these dull houses that all the young people leave! There's not a hope or a story in the whole place!"

BARBARA was too young at eighteen to realize that stories were being lived in every house within her range of vision. She could not recognize comedy or tragedy in the guise of what was real or familiar; to appeal to her untutored experience, it would have had to be clothed in the obvious and conventional trappings of romance. In the little Hare house, almost opposite, lived a thin-lipped old wife who had reformed her husband from drink by drinking harder than he did; she had endured a double martyrdom for them both, and now shrank behind her white window curtains, ashamed to meet anyone face to face. Across the red-gulled hill lived an old Englishman who in his youth had married a barmaid and had been sequestered in Virginia by his relatives; he was always

going home next year, but in his heart he knew he would never make the journey. There was Stephen Thornton's old Baptist uncle, who told the Lord every Sunday what to do, and grew excited and miserable when he talked to anyone who argued that there is no hell. There was the Honorable Sophia Langrel, a baron's daughter, married to Stephen Thornton's cousin who had disgraced her. She gave French lessons, but she instructed her pupils from behind a screen, not because she was ashamed, as poor old Mrs. Hare was, but because she was too indifferent to wish to have human relations with the world. Barbara never even reflected as to the experience which lay behind her own brother Gilbert's nightly remark delivered half seriously, half humorously, as he locked up the house:

"Well, thank God, another day over without much bad luck—at least, without any we can't stand."

Barbara, looking about her with a miserable, slow glance, did not understand that she lived in a countryside that was rich in life. There were the older Southern people who had grown dulled in the tame years that had followed the war. She felt nothing of the retrospective drama of their lives. There were the many English people, outnumbering the Southerners, who had come over to catch up on their incomes, or because they had not money enough to live as they wished to at home, or because they had been rusticated by their families. These aliens were all on intimate terms, though they were quite likely to say to the Southerners that in London they could not know each other. She did not guess that their fuller lives lay behind them as truly as the lives of those whose young hope and energy had gone into the war. There was a reckless set, composed of certain members of good old families, who drank and gambled, and imported men for their dances from Richmond and the North, and whose social doings were mentioned in the New York papers. She did not know that her own thirst for life was only a little less strong than theirs, and lacked their opportunity for gratification. She supposed that their only connection with her lay in the fact that they joined with the more conservative Southerners in horse racing and in a hunt club; and in the winter made for her a gay procession along the red road of high-stepping horses, smart habits, and pink coats.

But Barbara was outside all this pageantry, in a hostile little world that no pretense could make tolerable, and with no escape except a short daily walk along the red road, when she unleashed her imagination and saw

what her life might be if she could ever follow those who journeyed along it, and come to some free place beyond the mountains. Sometimes she felt that she would have changed lots with almost anyone who passed.

As she sat with drooping shoulders and sad eyes, she heard the first of the travelers. An old negro approached; while he was still well behind her, Barbara could tell by the peculiar shuffle of his feet what his race was, and she knew that a little punctuating "plop-plop" meant that he was followed by a small dog. He came into view, a bowed old man, who made a slow, wide detour as he passed her, to show his respect for a member of the ruling race. The dog was a black, bow-legged creature, who popped ahead with an amusing effect of fussy efficiency. Barbara stared after them resentfully; even they were free. Then she heard a rattle of harsh wheels. Again without turning her head she knew that those who were coming were farmers. They rolled by, jouncing on the rough seat of their wagon, a man and his wife, who had been to town. The woman was wearing her new autumn hat, and her bow to Barbara was stiff, because of her mixture of self-consciousness and pride. Perched on the tailboard of the wagon were two schoolboys, their tin dinner pails rattling with the nuts which they had loitered to gather. Their satisfied smiles told Barbara that this happy lift would get them home in time for their evening work, without the necessity for manufacturing excuses to meet inconvenient domestic inquiry. Barbara was able to read very clearly the fine print of the daily history of the road.

A SOFTER rumble of wheels came next. Reckoning by the hour of the day, Barbara judged that Mrs. Langrel was passing on her usual drive. She was a tall, tragic-faced woman, dressed in black, and she drove, looking straight ahead, oblivious of Barbara. By her side sat a little red-lipped, black-browed child, her distant cousin, little Mary Thornton. Barbara never saw Mrs. Langrel without pity for her shattered life. The husband that had disgraced her had long since gone away, pensioned off, gossip said, on condition that he never come back. But her greater tragedy lay in the loss of her son. Barbara had played with him in her nursery days. When he was still a lad, and the neighborhood was yet speculating as to whether he would be his mother's child or his father's, he had run away to sea. Much later, word had come to Mrs. Langrel that he had died, and from that day forward she had worn black, and had spoken to almost no one except Stephen Thornton and the little child Mary. Barbara had to admit to herself that she preferred her lot to that of poor Mrs. Langrel's.

There sounded presently on the red road the steady, quick pace of a man walking. Barbara sat a little more erect. She knew the step—Stephen Thornton's. In a moment he would flash by with only a rapid lift of his hat and a gleaming smile in her direction. Even as she saw the picture of him in her mind's eye, she saw the reality. Thornton was a tall, brown, young man, with a good figure, a thoughtful but eager face, and an absent manner. His elder neighbors had toward him something of a critical attitude, because he had been designed for the profession of medicine, and when he was a year from graduation, his father dying, he had entered law school. His simple explanation that he preferred the law to medicine, and had only kept on at the latter to please his father, was considered insufficient; it was thought extravagant of him to have spent so much money studying for one profession, when his bent was toward another. Anita Langworthy, who was his cousin, defended him, acridly stating that it was not Stephen's fault that his father did not die two years earlier, and that the money he had wasted would have been his own sooner or later. Thornton had finished law school a year or two before, and was trying to work up a practice in Charlottesville. He had found himself handicapped by the attitude of his neighbors toward him; as Anita said, they persisted in considering him a doctor rather than a lawyer. But Thornton insisted on success, and sat day after day in his empty office, walking in and out from his uncle's home where he lived, because he could not afford a horse, and because the train did not always run to suit him. Barbara, as a child, had known him well, but now he had no eyes for anyone; he cared for nothing but a career. Barbara thought he must have all the energy of a Yankee. When he had passed, she watched his brown figure turning to black, and dwindling, and at last blurring into a little still blot on the horizon.

THE tears sprang into Barbara's eyes. "He might have stopped for a word. Nobody cares, and anybody ought to know how lonely I am," she said with self-pity.

She had all the seething protest of youth, opposed by some inexorable condition, and with all the inexperience of youth, she did not believe that condition could ever be changed. Again her tears flowed, and she made no effort to check them; for the road was empty, and there was silence except for the suppressed animal and insect life in the grass at her feet. Then she hastily dried her eyes, for she heard the soft thud of hoofs coming along the side road, and, looking up, she saw Leonard Hare riding on a livery hack. Be-

side him, on Bayonne, a horse which Gilbert had given herself, and which Anita had recently sold to Leonard Hare, rode a large young woman, who sat badly, while just behind came a tall, thin, elderly man on another livery hack.

"The rich Northerners," Barbara thought.

Her tone held a shade of contempt for them, not because they were rich, or because they were Northerners, but because of the combination. Then her feelings changed to a hot, resentful envy of them and of Leonard Hare. The Northerners had money; they could ride to any quarter of the world they chose and command adventure. Barbara, with a bitter droop upon her lips, watched the large young woman's attempt to preserve on horseback the assurance which was certainly hers when she walked. She left the saddle with reluctance at each trot, but, leaving it, she disclosed a gap which took in a wide slice of the horizon.

Hare bowed deeply; the young woman cast at Barbara a quick, unseeing glance, and would have ridden on but for Bayonne. He recognized Barbara, whom he loved, and, disregarding the hands on his reins, he went to his former mistress and tried clumsily to put his head against her shoulder. At the caress Barbara's tears rose again.

"Miss Streeter," Hare said, with the elaborate voice and manner which always slightly amused Barbara, "let me present to you Miss Barbara Langworthy, who used to own Bayonne."

"Oh, how do you do?" Miss Streeter said. "I wonder if Bayonne will ever like me as much? You see, I don't know how to feed him lumps of sugar; I'm always afraid he'll bite."

Barbara, struggling for self-control, surveyed Miss Streeter, who had the blandness and calm that seemed to go with her size. Barbara thought that she looked as if she could fit circumstances to herself, or fit herself to them with equal ease. A grudging sister-in-law would not blight her. But then rich girls didn't ever have to be blighted. As Barbara laid her cheek against Bayonne's neck, she felt an unworthy pleasure in the reflection that Miss Streeter was not the sort who could ever understand a horse.

"Bayonne doesn't like sugar, but he certainly does enjoy apples," she murmured in her sweet, drawing voice.

"We ought to ride on, Lucia," said the elderly man, who was having difficulty in holding in his horse.

He tried to lift his hat to Barbara, and then gave it up. Barbara stepped away from Bayonne, who yielded to a determined flick of Lucia Streeter's whip. Barbara bowed gravely and stood looking after the riders.

"I reckon poor Bayonne would be lonely with her," she sighed. "I do hope Leonard Hare hasn't sold him to her."

She began to walk away from Grassmere, stopping once to fasten a spray of scarlet leaves at her throat. They lent a fictitious color to her pale face, and contrasted well with her light brown hair. As she went, she considered the rise of Leonard Hare. A dozen years ago, she thought, anyone would have said that her lot in life was infinitely better than his. She was the youngest of the Langworthys, a family whose members for two hundred and fifty years had written their names in large hand in the political and social annals of Virginia. For all their losses, they were still well to do and able to give largess to their poorer neighbors. Among these were the Hares, whom the negroes called "poor whites." Colonel

Langworthy had been attracted by handsome little Leonard Hare, and had allowed him to study with the tutor of his own boys. Before long there was no intellectual difference between young Hare and the young Langworthys, but there had always been a social difference.

Twelve years had seen the death of the Colonel and his wife and four of their sons and the loss of their property. There were left only Gilbert and herself, living on the bounty of Anita. But little Leonard Hare had gone up in the world. After he had left the Langworthy schoolroom he had worked his way through college. He was a doctor now and had come back to practice in his own county. Once he had called on the Langworthys, but Anita's manner had been such that he had not repeated the experiment. Anita said frankly that she simply would not have second-rate people in her house, and that she was no follower of new-fangled social democracy.

Again Barbara heard hoof beats behind her. She did not turn, but she knew Leonard Hare was coming back. He dismounted and asked:

"Miss Barbara, may I walk a little way with you?"

BARBARA nodded. She liked to look at Hare. She saw very few people, and none with a face so handsome as his. Her brother Gilbert and Anita both had weak chins, but Hare's chin was clean-cut and rounded and strong as a granite boulder. Her brother and sister were short-sighted, and inert of eye, but Hare's splendid hazel eyes looked out on the world with alertness and grasp. There was a sort of pleasant luster over his face, an atmosphere of amiability about him that charmed the lonely girl, depressed by the dullness of her immediate human environment. "Have you sold Bayonne to those rich Northerners?" she asked.

"Yes; Miss Streeter needed a well-broken horse; she'll be good to him."

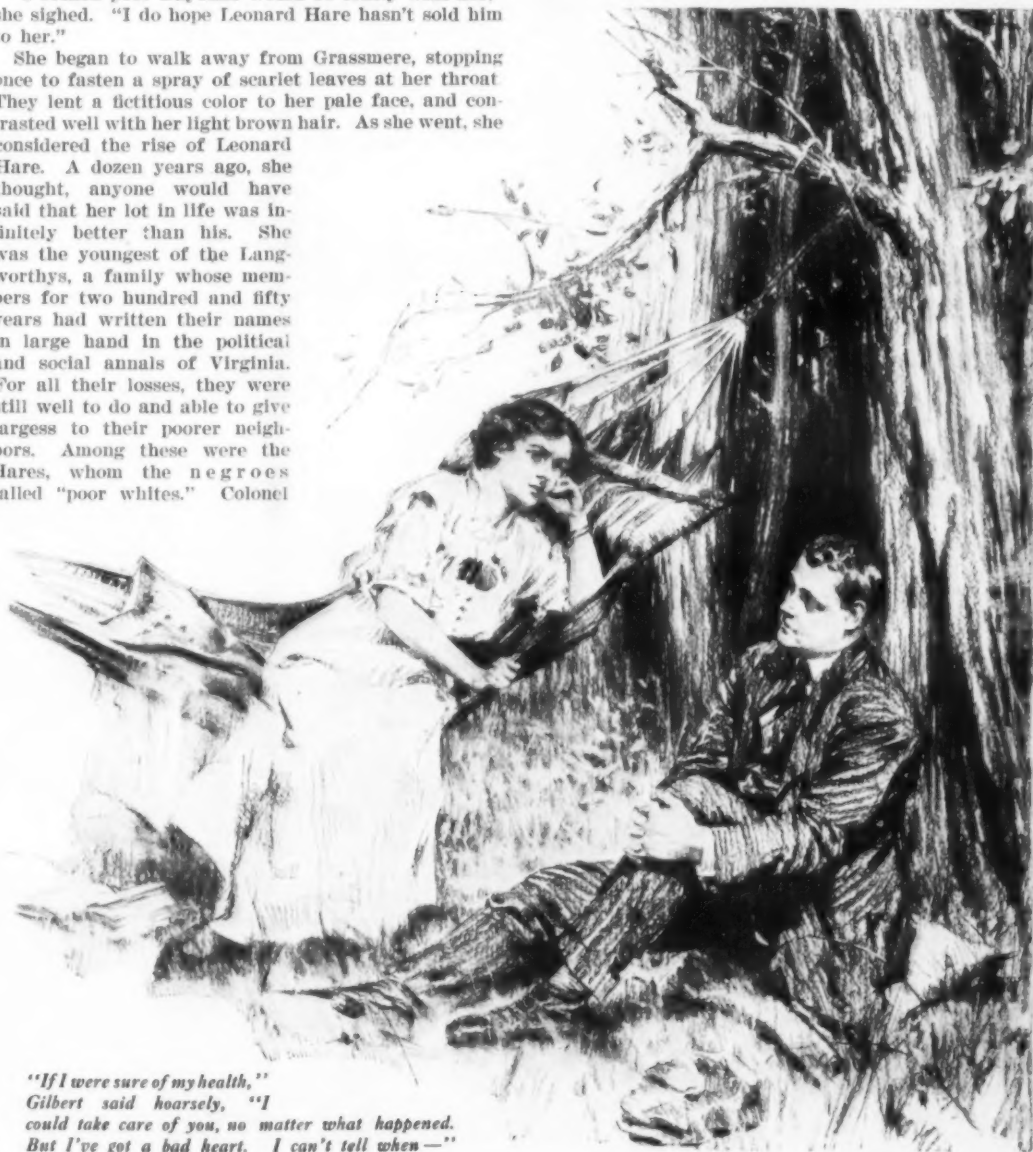
"Will she take him North?" sighed Barbara.

"She'll take him Northwest," said Hare, a hint of suppressed excitement in his tone.

Barbara looked a question, and he went on:

"Miss Barbara, I'm going away from here. Mr. Streeter, as you know, has been right sick, and I've been attending him. He wants me to go with him to Pasadena; he says he'll set me up there. So I'm off with them on Monday."

Barbara felt a surge of jealousy that life could give Leonard Hare so much and was passing her by. Then she felt a vague disappointment at losing him. It had been a break in her monotonous days to meet Hare occasionally as she rode or walked.



"If I were sure of my health,"
Gilbert said hoarsely, "I
could take care of you, no matter what happened.
But I've got a bad heart. I can't tell when—"

"My life here in my own general neighborhood has been a disappointment," Hare said. "I'll be glad to go to a democratic State like California. We're behind the times here."

Barbara lowered her eyelids. She thought she understood. Hare's intellectual achievements had not overcome the handicap of his humble social origin. In the North he would be taken on his own merits. "I reckon you'll enjoy going to a new place," Barbara said. "To me it's an adventure to get as far as Charlottesville, while if I ever reached the other side of the Blue Ridge I'd be right overbearing the rest of my life."

Barbara was not at all pretty, but when she was interested in what she said or heard, her eyes and face lighted up as if myriads of dancing torches were glowing behind them. Hare, as befitted a self-made man, with still towering ambitions, was cautious in his emotional outgoings. But as he looked at Barbara he felt sorry that he was not likely to see her again, and he said: "May I write to you occasionally?"

Barbara reflected. She knew that it would be quite easy for her to secure the mail before Anita saw it. There would be a spice of adventure in receiving letters from a State half a world away.

"I'll never have anything to tell you," she said, "because nothing ever happens here, and so my answers will be stupid. But I'd like to hear from you."

He held out his hand.

"I must go back now. I have an appointment in town this evening."

"Good-by," she said.

She looked after him with an increasing sense of loss. She had never had a lover, nor longed for one. But in Hare she was losing the only young person whom she ever saw anything of, for all the neighbors, except Stephen Thornton, who did not count, were middle-aged or old people. Now Hare was riding off to success and happiness because he was a man; and because she was a girl she could not ride after what she wanted, even if she knew what it was.

Twilight had come on her with short enough shrift, and, fearing a rebuke from Anita for being out in the dark, she took a short cut across the estate and came back to the house through the servants' quarters. The lamps were lighted in the living room, but the blind had not been drawn, and she could see Gilbert and Anita, sitting one on each side of the table, silent, immovable. Their dull fixity was a symbol to her of her own fate; she stood in the darkness, looking at them, dreading the moment when she must take her place between them, as if by that action she were making her situation irrevocable.

THE next day was Sunday. Usually Barbara prepared herself for church with a sense of excitement; at least she would see some fifty people gathered together to acknowledge and confess their manifold sins and wickedness, which they took with so little real belief that they seemed to lay the burden of them on the conventional spirit of the prayer book. Barbara liked driving to service in the big surrey, Gilbert and Anita on the front seat, and she behind, where she was free to watch without the espionage of Anita's curious eyes. She liked passing other vehicles full of farmers, going to their various places of worship, their cheerful faces modified slightly by a sense of Sunday decorum. Then came the little thrill when Gilbert darted down the last steep hill with something of the old spirit which had caused his college friends to name him "galloping Gilbert," swooped around the sharp turn at the bottom, always to the accompaniment of a little shriek from Anita, which he pretended not to hear, and then went discreetly up the windy slope that was topped by the gray little square-towered Episcopal church. Barbara understood that this bit of recklessness was all that was left of the old Gilbert.

For some reason, on this Sunday Gilbert took the hill discreetly, though from sheer habit Anita shrieked when he made the turn. Barbara's brooding mouth relaxed into a pitying smile. At least she would not change places with poor, sick, crabbed Anita, not even to own Grassmere, and to own Grassmere some day was her dearest wish. Gilbert drove into the churchyard and fastened his horses under the shed. Then the three entered the church, Gilbert and Anita going to the Langworthy pew, and Barbara taking her seat at the little organ. There was something about the utter silence of the place that seemed stifling and artificial to Barbara. She preferred the atmosphere of a Methodist church she had once attended, where the babies rolled on shawls on the floor, and where there was a constant variety of subdued rustling sounds and warm ejaculations.

From her seat before the organ Barbara surveyed the audience. First of all, her eyes caught those of Mr. Huntley Rhodes, who bowed to her impressively. She smiled faintly at him. She liked him to bow, be-

cause in that still atmosphere it seemed a daring thing to do, and she was always amused at the expression on his face after the bow. Rhodes looked rather like an intelligent sheep. He had hair that was partly blond and partly gray, as befitted his fifty years, and very closely thatched. His eyes were light blue, and his long upper lip curled over his under lip in a fashion of benevolent propriety. After he had bowed to Barbara he always quivered this upper lip and lifted his chin, in firm self-righteousness. Barbara thought he was a nice little man; the most significant factor in her attitude toward him was that she

of prayer. But on this morning she presented a hard plane to the noble, well-tried sentences in which all the congregation joined. In the middle of the Litany, at the words "Let us pray," she felt the old-time impatience that had oppressed her as a child, when she had rebelliously thought: "Oh, haven't we prayed enough?" The odor of the flowers on the altar seemed to her cloying, and the slight whine in the clergyman's voice caused her to grit her teeth with impatience.

When she played the last hymn, after each verse she added a refrain, on purpose to call up a reproachful expression in Huntley Rhodes's eyes. He disliked anything which marred the simplicity of the service, or which made the practice of the church at all like that of those whom he called "Dissenters." Still, in a spirit of perversion, as the congregation dispersed, she played as a postlude a part of Liszt's Second Rhapsody, which she knew Rhodes would recognize, despite the peculiar time to which she adapted it. She glanced at him; he looked like a sad sheep, and she thought it was a shame to tease him.

He waited for her at the church door and escorted her to the surrey, where Anita and Gilbert were already seated. He helped her in, and as she held out her hand in farewell, Anita said:

"Won't you let me carry you home to dinner, Huntley? Ride with us."

"I certainly will," he said, climbing into the seat beside Barbara, with what she considered rather an absurd exhibition of jauntiness. She reflected that when she got to be old, she'd stay old.

Gilbert shook the reins, and the horses broke into a brisk homeward pace. Barbara was silent, thinking that since Anita had invited Huntley Rhodes home to dinner for three Sundays in succession, that was perhaps a sign that dormant instincts of hospitality were beginning to awaken. Possibly her health was improving, and maybe some day Grassmere would be the open house it had been in the days of Colonel Langworthy.

"You deserve to be reproached, young woman, for tacking on those cheap ends to the hymns," said Rhodes in the same high voice that seemed to Barbara to accord perfectly with his mild face.

"Oh, you've varied the scolding this time; usually you call me a 'naughty little girl,'" Barbara said.

"Why do you do it?" Rhodes asked.

"To give us a topic of conversation," returned Barbara flippantly. Then she repented her remark, for Rhodes flushed heavily. Barbara supposed that elderly people were sensitive, did not want to be reminded that they had so little in common with the young; perhaps she hadn't been quite kind to Huntley Rhodes. She began to talk to him in her soft, drawing voice about Leonard Hare and his Northern friends who were going to carry him off to fame and fortune.

They passed Stephen Thornton striding along, head down, intent upon some case. Without looking at them he dragged off his hat.

"There's another fellow bound for fame and fortune," Rhodes said. "I don't know that I altogether like this new spirit that our young men have. They don't see anything but the one object they're after; they miss a lot of fine things by the way. I don't approve of concentration if it's going to be so intense that it blinds a man in the eyes and the soul both."

IT WAS the first remark he had ever made that interested her, and Barbara let her myriad of little torches glow out behind her smiling eyes. Involuntarily Rhodes put his hand on her arm, and Anita, glancing behind, gave a high, coy laugh, and cried: "Look here, you two!"

Barbara shrank back into a corner of her seat, her face crimsoning. How silly Anita was! There was something common in her blood. Barbara said no more until they reached Grassmere. Then, while Anita was hurrying up the servants, who, as usual, had not expected the family home so early, Barbara made perfunctory conversation with her brother and Rhodes. She did it with a better grace because she reflected that after dinner she could slip off alone with a book to the grove. Anita, who was always lively after dinner, would never miss her.

On the way from the dining room she deserted, and hurried to the sunshiny bit of sward, where she had hung her hammock between two stout oaks. She walked quickly, a gay bit of color in the scarlet spencer she had knitted for these autumn days of frost and sunshine. She had a sense of unwonted freedom. But her leisure did not last long; she had been gone but half an hour when she heard Gilbert's footsteps. She sat up in the hammock with impatient resignation; Anita was tired and she had sent for her to play hostess. Gilbert approached her with a deprecating expression, and she slipped to her feet, asking quickly: "Is Anita cross because I came away?"

"No," Gilbert said. "No, she hasn't asked for you. Hand me a cushion, Babbie." (Continued on page 26)



Before and After Summer

By THOMAS HARDY

Decoration by Garth Jones

*Looking forward to the Spring
One puts up with anything.
On this February day,
When the winds leap down the street,
Wintry scourgings seem but play;
And these later shafts of sleet—
Sharper pointed than the first—
And these later snows—the worst—
Are a half-transparent pane
Giving on a bright domain.*

*Shadows of the October pine
Reach into this room of mine:
On the pine there stands a bird;
He is shadowed with the tree.
Mutely perched he bills no word;
Blank as I am even is he.
For those happy suns are past
Forediscerned in winter last.
When went by their pleasure then?
I, alas, discerned not when.*

never thought of him without that adjective "little." Barbara's gaze wandered from Huntley Rhodes and flickered across the rest of the congregation. Most of the faces were, like his, British, and of course middle-aged; they bore the monumental repose which is the inalienable mark of British self-respect, and which they carried even into the house of the Lord. He had created them, it is true; he had done them the favor of making them English subjects, but though the prayer book said they were there in a humble spirit, still humility ill befitted any member of an empire with four hundred million people behind him. The few Southern faces, under the middle-aged surfaces, had a subdued charm and vivacity which should have appealed to Barbara; but she lost the sense of it precisely because they were middle-aged. In the back of the church she saw Leonard Hare beside the Streeters; his people were of another fold, but it struck Barbara that with his rise in the world it was only natural that he should have become an Episcopalian. Stephen Thornton was not in church; he worked on Sunday like any Yankee.

The clergyman entered from the vestry room and the service began. Barbara followed it mechanically. There were Sundays when her pent-up emotions flowed into the majestic words, leaving her at peace. She would find a strange comfort in the thought of the many millions of people who, since the Church began, had transported their sorrows by that gentle vehicle

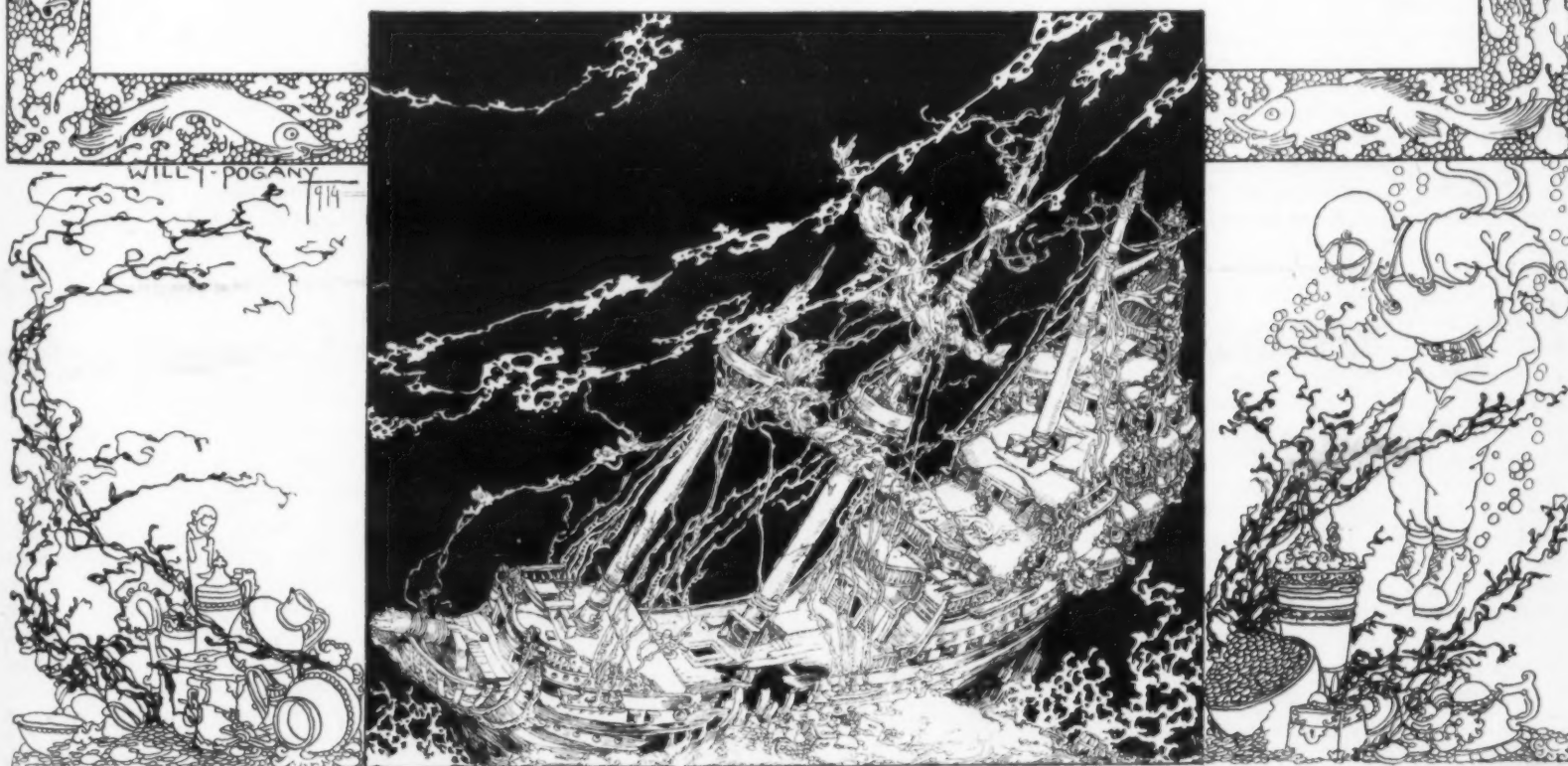
The Sunken Galleon

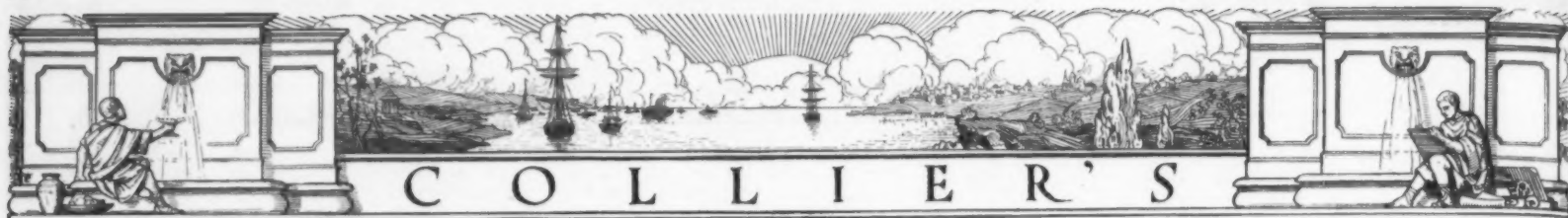
By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

DECORATION BY WILLY POGANY

QUON every coast, in every land, are legends of hidden treasure. Not a bay or inlet of the sea but some sunken galleon, some long-lost treasure ship is molding upon the bottom with golden doubloons and yellow ingots pouring from her ribs. But the sea has no monopoly of hidden wealth. Write a tale of buried riches, a "Gold Bug" or a "Treasure Island," and the popular fancy rises to it as to an alluring bait. Scarce a grange or farmstead, scarce a thorp or village, but a rumor of buried gold has touched it with romance. Truly, the tradition of hidden riches is part of the consciousness of all the races of men and, could we but trace it out, no people would be found devoid of it. But deeper still in the human soul, at the very center of our being, beyond the mind's material pictures of wealth, the heart contains and cherishes a less tangible, a more spiritual form of the same belief. The golden doubloons become the wealth of the soul, the jewels and the ingots are the rich human qualities that transcend poverty, that transcend success. Without them evolution from

the beast had been impossible. That is the inner Kingdom of Heaven that founders of religions proclaim; that is the treasure of the heart compared with which all others are worthless. From every soul there shines, bright or dim, the gold among the wreckage. And the business of right living is in reality a kind of great salvage enterprise. Send your will down like a diver to the foundered galleon, and, if it be but strong enough, it will return laden with the wealth of the Indies. Send it, *and never will it return quite empty-handed.* And—greater salvage still—send the diver into other hearts! Always beneath the hulk of the galleon, however deep, however covered over with weeds and barnacles, the gold lies gleaming for the seeker; and if you find for one his treasure, you make him rich indeed—and you are a sharer in his riches. And surely this is a truth: If you will raise for everyone at least a fragment of his deep-incrusted, sand-bespattered gold, will you not people the earth about you with the grateful ones you have enriched from their own treasures?





The President's Address

IT IS ONLY ACCURATE HISTORY to say that President WILSON's address to Congress brought out a good deal of sincerely irritated comment from newspapers and individuals who felt that it did not deal concretely enough or positively enough with important issues. And yet, considered from a literary point of view, it was a notable production. The works of peace are to go on: the building up of American shipping, the proper use of our national resources in land and in water power, the working out of our Philippine problem, the ratification of the international convention for safety at sea (how oddly it sounds now!), charting the Alaskan coast, perfecting governmental administration, and settling on a reasoned policy of national defense. These are sufficient tasks for a short session, and, if performed, will complete an exceptional record of Congressional accomplishment. What haunts and chills the reader is his sense of the gap between the President's leadership and the lowlier purposes of his party majority. He wants careful, effective spending of the public money; they want appropriations which look good locally. One significant item in the estimated appropriations is, "Rivers and Harbors, \$53,387,223.20," and that eminent sugarcrat, Senator RANDELL of Louisiana, who has "never known either sectionalism or politics to enter into the making up of a river and harbor bill," is already lifting up his voice for it. Can President WILSON hold these men to national service?

Atlanta

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD to substitute sectional prejudice for racial prejudice. We are sorry to see a few newspapers comment on the Frank case as if it wouldn't have happened elsewhere, as if Atlanta were peculiarly to blame. As a matter of fact, Atlanta has come to be one of the best cities in the United States. It has more than doubled in size during the last ten or fifteen years. Indeed, so far as anything that could be called blame attaches to Atlanta in this case, it was an accidental result of this very growth. Because of the building of a new courthouse, it was necessary to hold the trial in a temporary room, which was more open to the crowd than the permanent court room. The same crowd would have caused the same atmosphere in New York, Seattle, or Oshkosh.

Guess Who?

BISMARCK said in 1891: "I pity the young man; he is like the foxhound that barks at everything, that smells at everything, that touches everything, and that ends by causing complete disorder in the room in which he is, no matter how large it may be." Without naming any more names, one may quote also WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND: "He possesses a smattering of nearly everything in the wide domain of human knowledge, due to his quick perception and his retentive memory. If fate had not placed him on the imperial throne, he would have had the stuff for a good journalist in him. But his often fatal mistake is to assume that he knows everything; that the little he has been able to pick up about the sciences, military lore, literature, and art is all there is worth knowing about these matters, and that he must direct and guide every subject that comes under his personal observation." The subject of this paragraph is not, however, to be dismissed as a superficial man. Risking *lèse-majesté*, he is the most gifted anachronism of the twentieth century.

Ambassador Herrick Returns

SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY has a pleasanter meaning than it once had. It has come to mean the work of men unhampered by precedent and not afraid to act under fire—men like BRAND WHITLOCK in Belgium and HENRY MORGENTHAU in Turkey and Ambassador HERRICK in France. But the foolishness of our partisan diplomacy is made clear again when one notes that the third of these men, who did his country's work in Paris during the earlier months of the great war, has now been supplanted. For this change there appears neither reason nor excuse. Mr. HERRICK may or may not be the best man for the Republican nomination for President in 1916. He has at all events renewed the tradition of courage and of service made by our Minister to France in the stormy years, 1870-1, when a Yankee from Galena, Ill., ELIHU BENJAMIN WASHBURN, undismayed by siege guns, slow starvation, and street fighting, stuck to his post till he was the only member of the diplomatic corps remaining in Paris—the first to offer recognition to the new French Republic.

WASHBURN remained at Paris as American Minister till 1877, when he voluntarily resigned; HERRICK is forced out just when his prestige is at its highest. We like to recall the brave saying attributed to Mr. HERRICK on his being rather narrowly missed by a German airman's bomb: "There are times when a man is worth more to the cause of humanity dead than alive." That was Ohio talking.

The Lady Next Door

FROM DETROIT a friendly reader writes:

I was struck with the forcefulness with which you brought out in a recent editorial the satisfaction that comes from having Canada as a neighbor—with whom we have lived for one hundred years in peace and friendly intercourse. All reasonable means should be taken to cement these agreeable relations. As a matter of fact, numerous plans looking to this end have been proposed. An "American Peace Centenary Committee" has thought out various ways to "celebrate the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent (December 24, 1814), which established lasting peace between America and Great Britain." Little has been heard about these plans since August 1. The general public hasn't been told whether or not a statue of the historian PARKMAN is to be presented to the people of Canada; or whether there is to be that great merchant-marine parade from Buffalo to Duluth; or the local pageants, the permanent memorials in border-line river cities, commemorative boulevards, the marking of the 3,840-mile frontier, and the rest. Some will say that to celebrate pacific relations when the world is at war smacks too much of irony. But life is ironical, if you come to that. The great conflict had been in full swing for a fortnight when Sir WILFRID LAURIER wrote:

I am certainly of the opinion that the celebration should not be interfered with by the war. On the contrary, at this moment, more than ever, it would be advisable that the American and the Canadian people should give an example to the world of their unflinching and determined desire to maintain peace.

The war has been to Canada the severest possible blow against her ocean-to-ocean prosperity and well-being. It has meant the temporary abandonment of her fondest projects. But she has met the crisis staunchly with patriotism and high courage. For the United States to stand beside her in spirit is not so much a duty as a privilege.

Please Take Notice

NO CHRISTMAS in our time has brought such a call for the Christmas spirit as this. Belgium is starving. America is trying to feed the Belgians. The best we can do is to give them quarter rations this winter—just enough to keep soul and body together. We cannot do even that unless every American helps. A barrel of flour will pull two Belgian adults through this winter. A case of condensed milk will save the lives of three Belgian children. Think of that when you sit down to your Christmas dinner. Many organizations are soliciting food and funds. If there is one in your community, help it. If there is none, start one. The Commission for Relief in Belgium, 71 Broadway, New York, will tell you how to go to work.

Signs of the Times

"IN TOPEKA," writes GEORGE D. BIGGS, Superintendent of Schools at Maple Hill, Kas., "I read a sign in the Campbell Drug Company's store." Here's the sign:

WE SELL PATENT MEDICINES
BUT WE DO NOT RECOMMEND THEM
IF YOU ARE SICK SEE A DOCTOR

This shows what the present attitude of the most up-to-date druggists is. It is only human of druggists to sell patent dope, just as it is only human for the bartender to sell the booze that is the basis of his livelihood. The druggist knows better and the best bartenders side-step the stuff—but there's money in it! At the last analysis, it is up to the public. The press gives warning—the trade itself says: "If you are sick, see a doctor!" And even the doctors give more good advice than they used to, and fewer pills.

The Unwritten Books

SOMETIMES WE WONDER about the books our favorite authors did not write. In what ways would R. S. HAWKER's great poem about King ARTHUR and the Round Table have been finer and richer than TENNYSON's Arthurian poems were? Would BRYANT have written other poems as good as "Thanatopsis" if he had not condemned himself to the dull respectability of editing the New York "Evening Post"? Then there is DICKENS, whom one thinks of only as a novelist. Yet in his letters there are passages that might have occurred in



LEIGH HUNT's best essays. When DICKENS came to America on a lecture tour he went to Boston, of course, and speculated on the oyster men:

What do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster openers—what do they do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists, out of the oyster season? Who knows?

On another page one finds DICKENS wondering what emotions stir post-office clerks when they get a letter. Read this passage aloud and ask yourself whether you might not have ascribed it to CHARLES LAMB or ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON if we hadn't told you DICKENS wrote it:

Do you suppose the post-office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself without being startled by a preliminary double knock!

A Brewer Agrees with Us!

AT THE NATIONAL BREWERS' annual convention at New Orleans, President EDWARD A. SCHMIDT of Philadelphia insisted that beer should be considered a harmless beverage and sold as such. The saloon must be stripped of screens, shutters, and fiery liquors, and made a place where mild family refreshment of all sorts can be obtained under decent conditions. The old order of pushing the sale of alcoholic poisons and generally making the saloon a shady place for shady people and transactions must be given up. This change is to be supported and urged along by the brewers themselves. Now, whether one likes beer or not, it is evident that Mr. SCHMIDT is on the right track and that his method is the only one that can save the beer business from extinction. It will be interesting to see whether his proposals are accepted by the brewing interests generally. In the past the beer men have identified themselves with the whisky makers. They have had their meetings in common and have pooled their funds for fighting temperance. Maybe it isn't yet too late for the beer people to save themselves by a prompt and energetic divorce.

The New "Poor Man's Club"

WARMTH, companionship, the chance to relax, and something going on—these things have often been called the real attractions of the saloon. Then why not get the pleasures without the usual foot rail and cycle of smutty stories, without the ultimate price of jail, hospital, or gutter? That is, why not cut the saloon for the movies? They are doing it in Brooklyn, N. Y., where fifty-three saloons failed last year, while the moving-picture theatres increased in twice the corresponding ratio. The notion that the saloon is the only possible "poor man's club" is being imperiled by the films. Every new movie show that opens is a new foe to booze. That is why the saloon owner loves the movies as the burglar loves the watchdog.

And a Broader Benefaction

WE READ in the local paper of a town on the Mississippi: THIS IS SOME BILL FOR TO-NIGHT
FORD STERLING IN "LOVE AND RUBBISH"

Mr. STERLING is positively the best comedian in motion pictures. You remember him as ZU ZU in "Zu Zu, the Band Leader!" This is him—to-night.

There you are. You pays your dime and you sees your show—for all the world as if you were living in Chicago or Kansas City. Once the dweller in the little town—with its occasional "Uncle Tom's Cabin," creaking melodrama, or tawdry burlesque—grew disgruntled when he read of the range and splendor of nightly entertainments in the metropolis. The being-out-of-things feeling ceaselessly galled youth and turned the footsteps of the younger generation away from the country. Even the sociologist who specializes on comparisons of city and country has not dwelt enough on the irritation of reading about famous plays and players whom you may not see just because you happen to live in a town on the "kerosene circuit." But now, what a change! The brotherhood of "movie fans" circles the earth. It was a shrewd man who wrote in a London review:

Mr. BUNNY's fame is international. It transcends the barriers of language and race. When Mr. BUNNY laughs people from San Francisco to Stepney Green laugh with him. When Mr. BUNNY frowns every kingdom of the earth is contracted in one brow of woe. When Mr. BUNNY shuts one eye the Old World and the New wink familiarly back.

This means happiness. Hence content in one's environment. All the books and scholarly articles that have been written on the subject have not done so much to check the exodus from country to city as have the pictures that throb and live upon white screens.

Looking Yourself Over

SOME KEEN ADVICE appears in an editorial in the "New England Homestead." See if you don't agree:

It's a good thing at least once a year for every farmer to stand aside and look at his place as if it belonged to some other fellow, and pick out the things this other fellow has left undone. Sticking too close to the work sometimes narrows a man's vision and makes him overlook important things. By going past a pile of rubbish four or five times a day you finally come to think it belongs there, just as a man will sometimes plow around an old stump year after year as if it were established by Divine mandate.

If this is true of the farmer—and we imagine it is—isn't it equally true of every other calling? Why shouldn't the doctor, the lawyer, the minister, the teacher, the business man, the carpenter, the grocer, the day laborer, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker form the habit of checking themselves up thoroughly and mercilessly from time to time? At least every six months one should try to detach his vision from his personality, should put himself under the microscope and profit by what he discovers. And what time can be better than the beginning of a new year?

How Shall She Dress?

THE ILLINOIS FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS has passed some fashion resolutions. While not advocating any particular style of dress, it has bound itself to dress with propriety, modesty, and good sense. In effect, these ladies, many of them of middle age, are protesting against having fashions appropriate only to a peculiarly flamboyant type of youthfulness thrust upon them. There is, we have recognized from the outset, a beguiling charm in the present fashions. Though they seem delicately to caricature their wearers, it is all in the interest of piquancy. Yet they are certainly much better adapted to the ballroom, to garden parties and "tea on the terrace," than to the utilitarian purposes of street, shop, and office. Never, in the history of bad dressing, have business women been so inappropriately dressed as now. What is charming on an exquisitely groomed girl of leisure looks grotesque on her busy neighbor who must hasten each morning to her office or her shop. As for the woman of maternal figure and countenance, she does indeed belie herself when she prances, unpetticoated, flourishing her diaphanous hosiery and suggesting in each detail of her costume an allure which is hers no longer. Moreover, she doesn't want it. She likes the dignity of her maternal, middle-aged estate, and she ought not to be so weak-minded as to permit any dressmaker to destroy that dignity by the caprices of an exotic imagination.

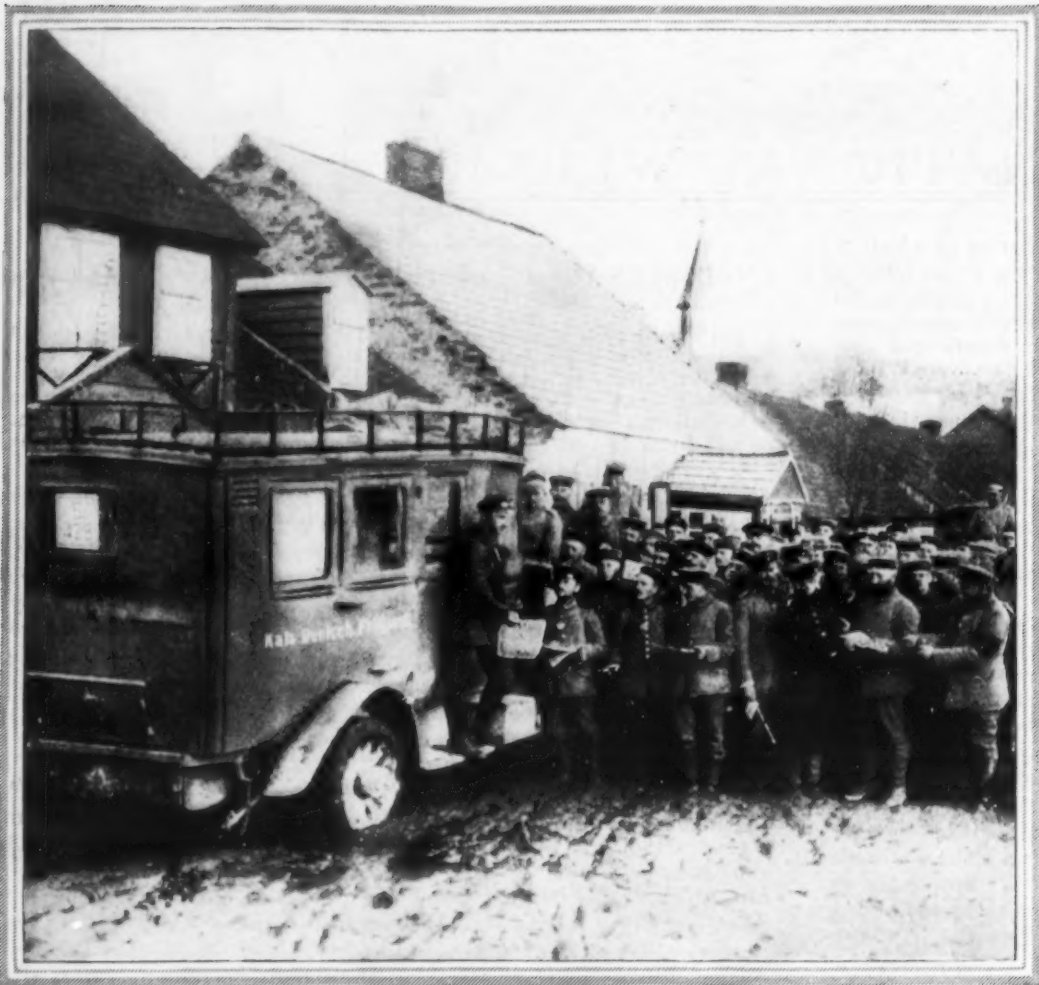
Women and War

"WAR WILL PASS," wrote OLIVE SCHREINER—singularly sane prophet of woman's new part in the world's affairs—"when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and governance of modern life. It will probably not pass away much sooner; its extinction will not be delayed much longer." This passage occurs in "Woman and Labor." Looking ahead, do you see the prospect seen by OLIVE SCHREINER?

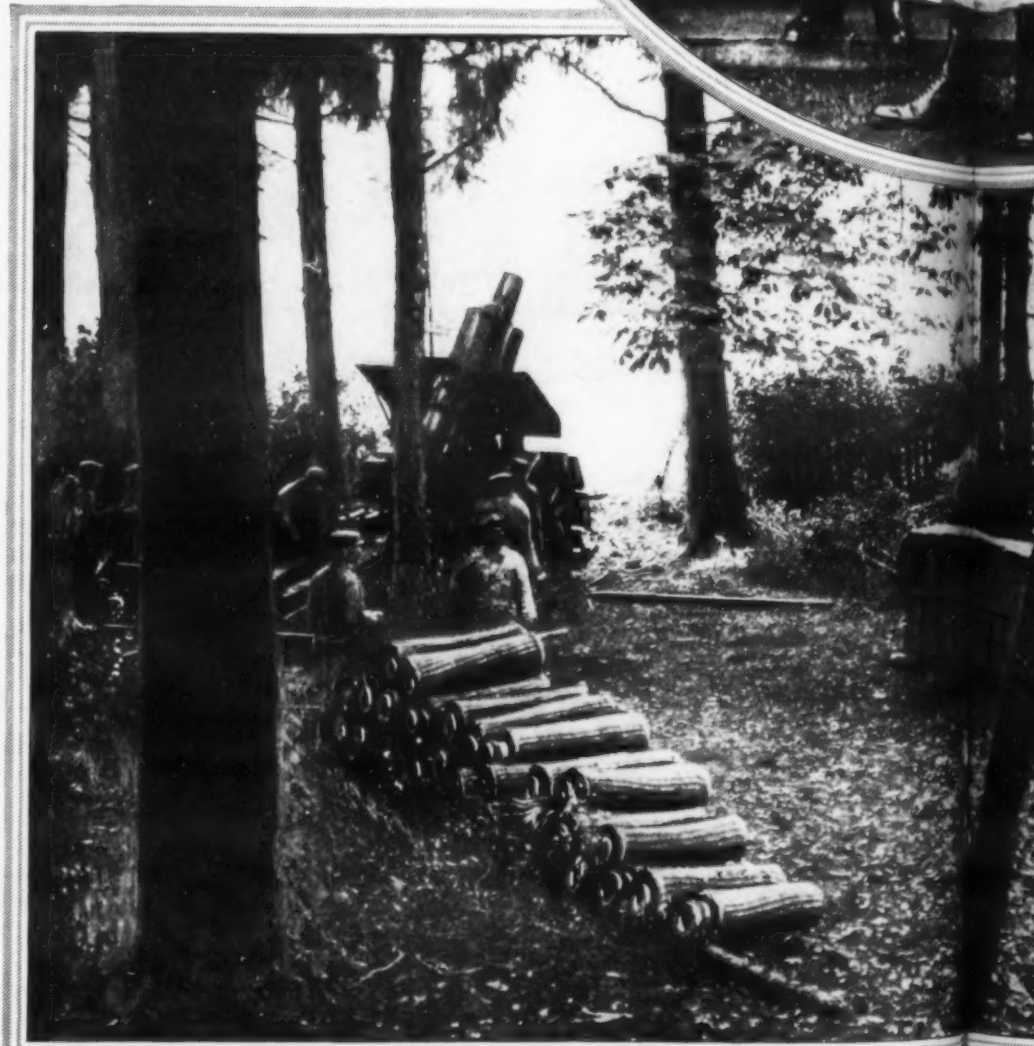
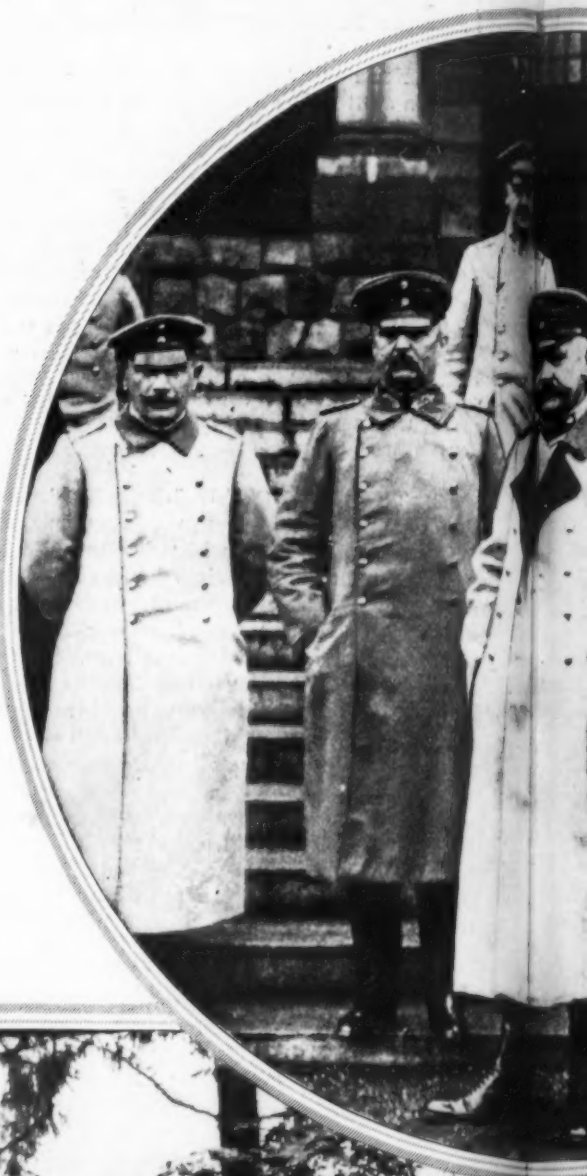
The Meaning of It

THAT THE WORLD is effecting a readjustment of values at this time is not to be contested. Life, which seemed so significant a thing, proves to be no more than smoke scattering upon the air or dried leaves falling from the autumn trees. Suddenly our little snug, kindly world has been transformed by a frightful illumination, and the aspect of all known things is changed. In another age such an awareness might have prompted men to excesses of prodigality and self-indulgence. But one of the reassuring features of the present appalling time is that this realization seems to have had a quieting and sweetening effect. Men and women rush to deeds of charity; they endeavor to show by their own essential rightness that the mad time is not all mad; they try to prove to themselves that the waters are not all bitter. Indeed, now, if ever, should friendships be drawn closer and family ties bound faster with acts of consideration and love. Now, if ever, the fortunate homes of this land should decorate themselves with graciousness and unity. Now, if ever, hospitality should be extended. Not hospitality of the board alone, but hospitality of the soul. It has been said of late that Europe's catastrophe is America's opportunity. That is true in more ways than one. If "now" is the word which the funeral pyres of the battle fields have taught us to value above any past or future possibility, let us make that "now" beautiful with kindlier and more liberal living.

The Mightiest Army

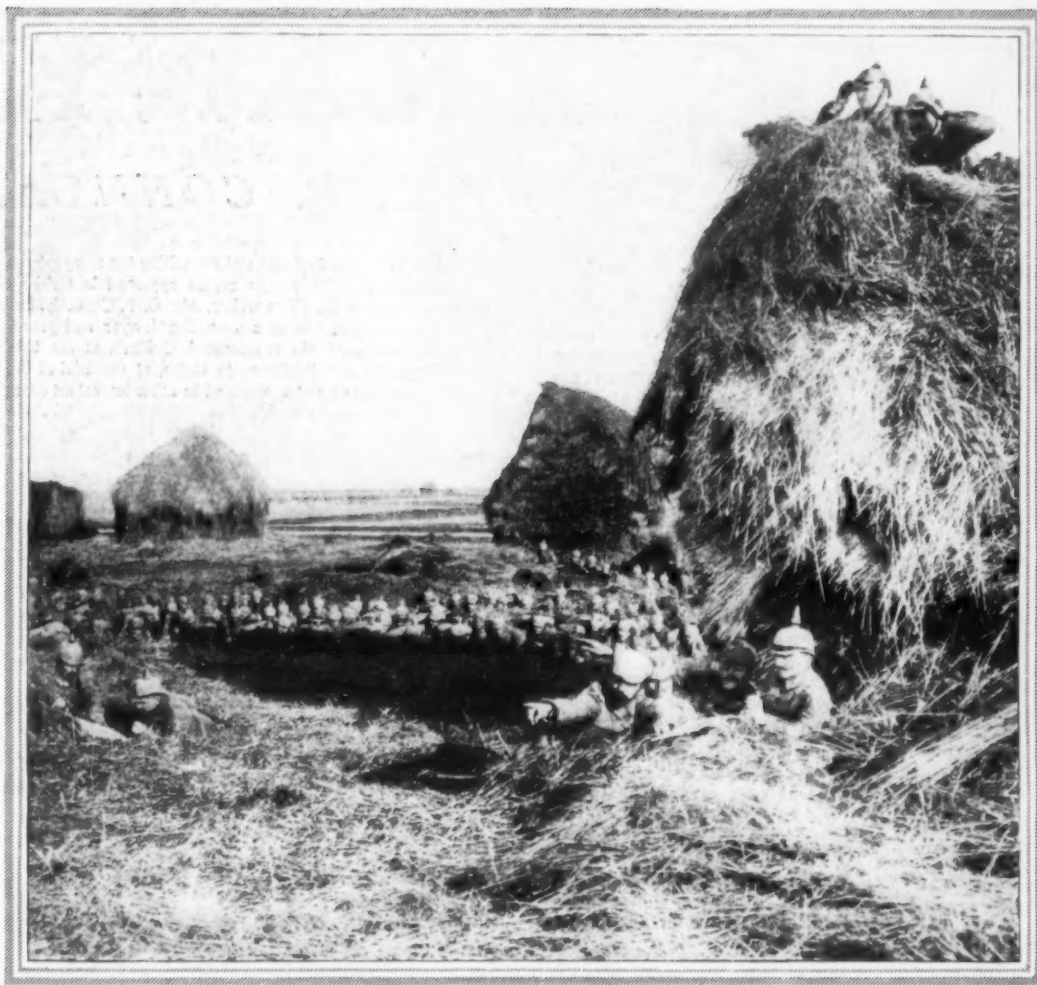


AFTER NEARLY FIVE MONTHS of terrific fighting, with a loss of nearly a million men, the German army continues to be the greatest single war machine of all time. The recent extrication of the forces under Field Marshal von Hindenburg from their perilous position at Lowicz, near Warsaw, and the capture of Lodz are abundant proof that the Germans have lost none of their wonderful speed. In the snapshot above some of the Kaiser's regulars in Poland are seen in front of a mail car that has brought letters from loved ones back home. In the circle are Von Hindenburg (center) and seven members of his staff. By beating Rennenkampf at Tannenberg, in East Prussia, and later by directing the fighting in West Poland, Von Hindenburg made himself a great military hero. Below is a snapshot of a German soldier being decorated with the Iron Cross



A GERMAN BATTERY OF 21-CENTIMETER MORTARS on the edge of a forest at St. Mihiel, one of the most important positions in the West. The woods help to conceal the guns from the enemy's range finders and to protect the gunners from shell or rifle fire.

Army at Top Speed



IN MANY OF THEIR LINE ASSAULTS, particularly in the western fighting zone, the Germans are not using mass formations as often as they did two or three months ago. The work of the Allies' machine guns and rifles has told so heavily that the German generals are beginning to economize a little in human life. The photograph above was snapped as a force of German infantry, partially concealed in scattered hay at Soissons, near the middle of the line in France, was awaiting an order to spring up and charge the French trenches. In the snapshot below a German is seen watching the Allies from behind the top of a haystack near the Yser Canal in Belgium. He is using a hyperscope, which works very much like the periscope in a submarine. It permits an observer to look out over the top of an embankment or other protection without exposing his head



l, one of the most important strategic points in eastern France and the scene of much hard fighting in the last few weeks. In the immediate foreground at the left and at the extreme right are shells in wicker cases

THE FRANK CASE

BY C. P. CONNOLLY

WITH the finding of the body of Mary Phagan that Sunday morning there began in Atlanta a public delirium, which has hardly yet, after a year and a half, subsided. There had been some sixteen or eighteen women murdered in Atlanta in the previous two or three years, most of them colored women. None of the murderers had been caught. Two white women, charged with the murders of their husbands, had recently been acquitted by Atlanta juries. Back in 1906 there had been a riot, growing out of assaults and murders of white women, in which some fifty negroes had been shot or beaten to death on the streets of Atlanta.

Immediately after the Phagan murder the Mayor of the city called a special meeting of the City Council to consider the murder, and the Council offered a reward of \$1,000. The rewards offered aggregated \$3,400. The Mayor urged the chief of police to caution his men to keep the crowds moving on the streets and to quickly disperse gatherings where the Phagan tragedy was the topic of discussion.

The newspapers had editorials calling on the police officials to find the murderer or murderers of Mary Phagan, or suffer the political consequences. The Atlanta "Constitution" said editorially two days after the discovery of Mary Phagan's body:

"The detective force and the entire police authorities of Atlanta are on probation in the detection and arrest of this criminal with proof. To justify the confidence that is placed in them and the relation they are assumed to hold toward law and order, they must locate this archmurderer. . . . If ever the men who ferret crime and uphold the law in Atlanta are to justify their function, it must be in apprehending the assailant and murderer of Mary Phagan."

Another newspaper expressed the same thought in a cartoon in which the spirit of the community was pictured in a figure pointing dramatically and underneath the words: "Solve it." This newspaper hysteria was but one element in the storm cloud of passion and politics which surrounded the case.

The police, panic-stricken by their own sense of official incompetency, as shown by full-page newspaper accounts of Atlanta murders now recalled that had never been traced, and goaded by public clamor and the ridicule by the newspapers of their former failures, sought to appease the public wrath by the immediate arrest of two men, the one who had seen Mary Phagan last alive, and the one who had discovered the body. That at first they believed Newt Lee guilty is proved by the fact that they got access to Newt Lee's house, and that on the next day a "bloody" shirt belonging to Lee was found by them in a trash barrel in Lee's house. A scientific examination of the shirt disclosed that it had been clumsily smeared. The police, finally convinced of Lee's innocence, now centered their attention on Frank, and the fact that Frank was a Jew added fuel to the popular indignation of the hour, and culminated in a blaze of racial prejudice which charred all footprints of the crime.

"No Jew in modern times," said Colonel Pendleton H. Brewster, a law partner of Solicitor General Dorsey, who prosecuted Frank, "has been persecuted as this Jew has been."

"Tom" Watson's magazine, the "Jeffersonian," which is published near Atlanta, said:

"Our little girl—ours by the eternal God! has been pursued to a hideous death and bloody grave by this filthy perverted Jew of New York."

When William J. Burns, by the dexterous ruse of his Southern manager, Dan Lehon, escaped from the mob about to hang him at Marietta, the former home of Mary Phagan, the leader of the gathering crowd approached Burns, shouting: "Is that you, Burns? Is that William J. Burns, the man who sold out to the Jews?" and the "Jeffersonian," justifying the action of the mob, said that Burns "came boastfully confident, and virtually saying that the rich Jews of Atlanta, New York, and Chicago would not allow Frank to be hanged."

(All above italics are Watson's, not mine.) The Solicitor General, though adroitly paying a tribute to the Jewish race in his argument to the jury, pointed out that "when Becker wished to put to death his bitter enemy, it was men of Frank's race he selected." He referred to Abe Hummel, "the lawyer who went to the penitentiary in New York," and Abe Ruef, "who went to the penitentiary in San Francisco."

Police Methods

WE HAVE seen how there came forth the stories of "witnesses" from the brothels and dives. A little girl was sent to a reformatory in Cincinnati. The story was circulated that Frank was responsible for her downfall. The police approached another girl

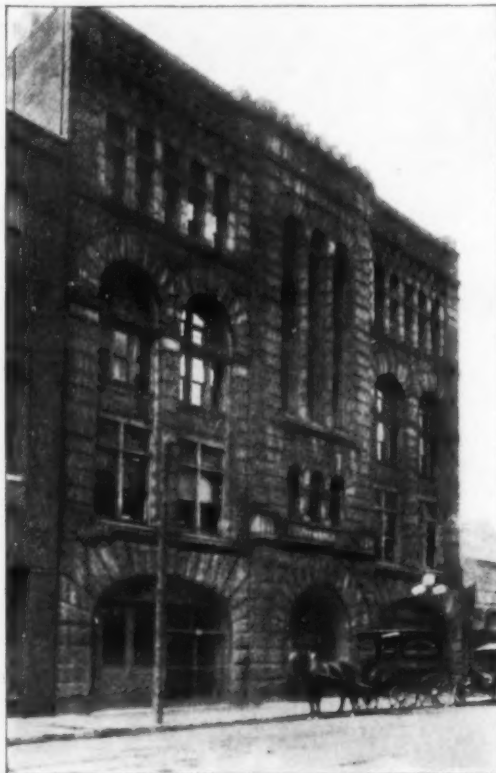
This is the second of two articles telling the story of the Frank case. The earlier article appeared in Collier's for December 19. The writer, Mr. C. P. Connolly, has had long experience as a practicing lawyer and prosecuting attorney. He represented Collier's at the trial of Haywood and Pettibone in Idaho, at the trial of the MacNamaras in Los Angeles, and in other important cases



Judge Ben. H. Hill, who overruled Frank's extraordinary motion for a new trial. He is the son of the famous Ben. H. Hill of Georgia, former U. S. Senator from Georgia

who had fallen and endeavored to get her to swear that Frank was responsible for her disgrace. A former forewoman of the pencil factory made affidavit after Frank's conviction that three of the detectives prominent in gathering evidence against Frank sought to have her give certain scandalous testimony against Frank.

Another young woman made affidavit that one of these same detectives tried to get her to tell the same story her married sister afterward did tell at the coroner's inquest regarding Frank. Many people in Atlanta believe that on the walls of Frank's office



The old Venable Hotel, now the factory of the National Pencil Company in Atlanta, in the basement of which Mary Phagan's body was found at 3.30 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 27, 1913. Note the gloomy-looking entrance where the wagon stands

was an art gallery of lewd pictures. The only foundation for this story was a business calendar illuminated with a pretty face. These stories convicted Frank in the public mind.

During the time these lies were being published Dr. Marx, the Jewish rabbi, went to the editor of one of Atlanta's newspapers and protested against their publication. At the conclusion of the interview the editor said: "Anyhow, if we don't publish these things the other papers will, and we can't afford to be scooped." The police were diligently at work overlooking no opportunity to fasten guilt on Frank, when an incident occurred which made it impossible for them to retrace their steps.

Frank had employed the Pinkerton Detective Agency to ferret out the murder the Monday following the crime. His motive in doing this, as he stated, was that the public feeling was running so high in Atlanta that the public would naturally expect the pencil company to do everything in its power to help solve the mystery, and that this feeling was in accord with his own sentiments. But in this he was fated to misconstruction. Solicitor General Dorsey, on the trial and in his argument before the Supreme Court of Georgia, insisted that Frank had employed the Pinkertons as a blind to cover up his own guilt, and that his employment of the Pinkertons was one of the strongest links in the chain of evidence against him. Like many other innocent moves of Frank and his counsel, made in the cloud of suspicion that surrounded them, the employment of the Pinkertons was unfortunate for Frank.

Changing Frank's Story

AN ORDINANCE of the city of Atlanta makes city detectives of all private detective operatives and subjects them to police supervision and control. No private detective agency can operate in the city of Atlanta without the consent of the Board of Police Commissioners. The detective agency, therefore, that runs counter to the Police Department of Atlanta forfeits, at the pleasure of the police, its right to do business in that city. This ordinance was one of the factors in the conviction of Frank. L. P. Whitfield, a Pinkerton operative at the time of the investigation into the murder of Mary Phagan, has stated under oath that Harry Scott, the assistant superintendent of the Pinkertons in Atlanta, told him that "unless the Jew is convicted the Pinkerton Detective Agency would have to get out of Atlanta."

When, after the trial, William J. Burns undertook a personal investigation of the Frank case at the earnest solicitation of Frank's friends, the police of Atlanta revoked the license of the Burns detectives to do business in Atlanta, and drove that agency out of the State. On the trial of Frank, Harry Scott swore that it was the policy of his agency in criminal cases to work with the police of the various cities. "We never clash over views," said Scott.

It will be remembered that when Mary Phagan left Frank's office, she inquired if the metal for the metal tips had come. Frank had replied "No." The girl would, ordinarily, therefore, have gone on her way. But it was necessary to the theory of the State that Frank and the girl should, for some reason, have gone back to the metal room in the rear of the second floor. How to get the two there was the dilemma. Detective Harry Scott of the Pinkertons swore on the stand at the trial that when Frank interviewed him about Scott's employment in the case, he had told Scott that he had replied to the girl "I don't know," although Frank had always declared that he had replied "No" and others heard him. Scott, in his written reports of this conversation both to the attorneys and to the police at the time, as well as in his testimony at the coroner's inquest, stated that Frank said that he had replied "No," but on the trial Scott explained that his "No" meant "I don't know." He said it was a "grammatical" error—and this was the man Frank had employed to ferret out the murder. The whole case just drips with such perversions of the truth.

Frank having replied "I don't know," the State argued that he had gone back to the metal room with Mary Phagan to see if the metal had arrived, and there the incidents leading to the murder and the murder itself had occurred.

The Mayor of the city was at loggerheads with the police officials. Just before Mary Phagan was murdered there had been much talk and rumors of graft on the part of the Atlanta police, and a public investigation had been threatened. Atlanta had grown from a population of 87,000 in 1900 to a population of 200,000 in 1913. The heads of the police force were the crude product of a small city suddenly burgeoned into metropolitan greatness.

Associated in a way with the Mayor in his fight against alleged police graft was Colonel Thomas B. Felder, the man who is generally credited with having procured the release of Charles W. Morse from the Federal prison at Atlanta. Felder is a lawyer of prominence and represents very large interests throughout the country. He had worked in conjunction with William J. Burns in exposing the dispensary frauds in South Carolina. He claimed to have been employed in the Frank case by certain neighbors of Mary Phagan's parents. Felder brought to Atlanta a Burns representative in the person of C. W. Toble of Chicago, an expert investigator in criminal matters. Also he sought to secure from Mary Phagan's stepfather written authority for his own employment in order to secure professional entrance into the case.

Politics

THIS attempt the police exposed. The only plausible purpose of the exposure was to ridicule Felder and to destroy his possible usefulness in the Phagan murder case. Felder publicly retorted that the police system of Atlanta was as dangerous as "the deadly society of the Mafia," and dramatically declared that the police were shielding Leo Frank; that he had been told that they had extorted a confession from a "negro by the name of Conley," who was then in jail, and that this was done in conspiracy with the Pinkertons, who had been employed by the National Pencil Company, and to thwart the efforts of the Burns Detective Agency. The police and the Pinkertons both assured the public that they had worked from the beginning on the theory of Frank's guilt, and that there was conclusive evidence against Frank not yet made public. All this happened just as the police had discovered, but had not made public, the fact that Conley was the author of the "Murder Notes." Frank thus became, as well as the victim of newspaper hysteria, a pawn in a feud between two political forces and between two detective agencies.

Of this side issue, so unfortunate for Frank, and for which he was in no way responsible, the Atlanta "Constitution" said:

"One thing is certain—it means one of the bitterest fights for control of the city government that Atlanta has ever known. A singular fact it is that this war of factions should have grown out of the murder of an innocent child."

To cap the climax of this interlude, the representative of the Burns Detective Agency packed his trunk and left town, declaring that he also was a firm believer in Frank's guilt. The plot was thickening about Frank with as deadly certainty as if drawn by a loadstone and with a harmony that would have shamed the genius of a Belasco.

If the police turned back, it would hasten and magnify the graft investigation which they feared. They told Conley the pencil-factory authorities were charging that he had committed the murder, and showed him a newspaper with glaring headlines announcing this fact. Conley then asserted that he had written one of the "Murder Notes" at Frank's dictation, and that Frank himself had written the other. The police took Conley from the custody of the sheriff and placed him at police headquarters, where, day by day, they put him through his facings. Even Conley's lawyer was not allowed to be present at these interviews.

Meanwhile the Formby woman, the keeper of the questionable house who had made affidavit that Frank had repeatedly telephoned her on the night of the murder asking for a room, quietly disappeared from Atlanta, and her whereabouts are unknown. The police announced that they would produce her at the trial, but they did not. Her story would not tally with Conley's. After the conviction of Frank, and the refusal of the Supreme Court of Georgia to grant a new trial, this woman made

an affidavit in which she declared that her former statement was procured by two city detectives named Chewning and Norris, who came to her home and plied her with whisky until they had secured the affidavit they wanted.

"Jim" Conley was twenty-seven years old. He had gone to the public schools of Atlanta for two years. He had served a term in jail. He had been fined six times for disorderly conduct. He had worked for the pencil factory for two years, and was a floor sweeper. One of the witnesses employed at the factory testified that Conley "always seemed to be kind of nervous or half drunk." More than once he had been found lying drunk in the factory. He was a low, squatty negro with a "ginger-cake" complexion. He lived in a little shack with a woman who was not his wife, and her two children, in that part of the city given over to the colored population. He was a frequenter of low negro dives and pool rooms, and at times a heavy drinker. He was arrested in the factory on the Thursday morning following the murder while engaged in attempting to wash some stains from a shirt. A score of people testified to Conley's general bad character and to his lack of credibility even under oath. Members of his own race, people who had known him all his life, with



Reuben R. Arnold, one of Frank's lawyers, an advocate whose reputation is State wide in Georgia. That Frank had two of the best lawyers in the State, and was convicted, is to some evidence of his guilt.

"After that I kind of dozed off and went to sleep. Next thing I knew Mr. Frank was up over my head stomping, and then I went and locked the door, and sat on the box a little while, and the next thing I heard was Mr. Frank whistling."

Conley's Story of Crime

WHEN Conley heard Frank whistle he unlocked the door, as prearranged by Frank, and went up the steps. Frank was standing at the top of the steps on the second floor—there were double doors leading to the second floor halfway up the stairway—"shivering and trembling and rubbing his hands. He had a little rope in his hands—a long, wide piece of rope. He looked funny out of his eyes. His face was red."

When Conley got to the top of the stairway Frank asked him, "Did you see that little girl who passed here a while ago?" and Conley replied that he had seen one pass upstairs, and that she had come back down the stairs; but he had seen another girl go up the stairs who hadn't come back.

Frank thereupon told Conley that the little girl that hadn't returned wanted to know something about her work, and he had gone back to the metal department with the girl to see if the metal had come so that the girl could return to work. Frank told Conley that he had spoken disrespectfully to the little girl, she had resented it, "and I struck her, and I guess I struck her too hard and she fell and hit her head against something and I don't know how bad she got hurt. He asked me if I wouldn't

go back there and bring her up, so that he could put her somewhere, and he said to hurry, that there would be money in it for me. When I went back to the metal room I found the lady lying flat on her back with a rope around her neck. She was dead, and I came back and told Mr. Frank the girl was dead, and he said 'Sh—sh!' I noticed the clock, and it was four minutes to one. He said to go and get a piece of cloth to put around her, and I went and got a piece of cloth. I saw her hat and a piece of ribbon and her slippers lying there, and I took them and put them in the cloth with the body. The cloth was tied just like a person that was going to give out clothes on Monday."

Conley then went on to say that he tried to carry the body of the girl, but that she was too heavy, and he let her fall, and that Frank then helped to carry her to the elevator, where they lowered her into the cellar and where Conley alone carried her to the place where she was found, "after pitching" the hat, the ribbon, and slippers "over in front of the boiler." Frank and he then went back to Frank's office on the second floor on the elevator.

"Frank commenced rubbing his hands and rubbing back his hair, and all at once he happened to look out of the door and there was somebody coming, and he said: 'My God, here is Emma Clarke and Corinthia Hall! Come over here, Jim; I have got to put you in this wardrobe,' and he put me in the wardrobe, and I stayed there a good while, and they come in there and I heard them go out, and Mr. Frank come and said: 'You are in a tight place,' and I said: 'Yes?' and he said: 'You done very well.'"



Atlanta's New Courthouse. The spirit of the new South expressed in architecture. It is typical of Atlanta's modern business and civic structures. Frank's trial took place during the construction of this building in the old City Hall across the street.

one accord testified that he was unworthy of belief. The combined efforts of the State and the police could not in the whole State of Georgia find one man to vouch for Conley.

Frank was convicted solely on Conley's testimony. Without it there was no case. With it there was worse than no case. Not one person ever came forward on the trial who saw Frank and Conley together on the day of the murder, although Conley swore they walked the streets of Atlanta for blocks.

Conley swore that on Friday afternoon before the murder Frank had asked him to come to the pencil factory on the next day, Saturday; that he had some work for him to do on the second floor. He got to the pencil factory about 8.30 a. m. on Saturday. He met Frank at the entrance. Frank then told Conley that he wanted him to watch inside the street entrance, "like I had watched before"—to prevent anyone going upstairs while Frank was "chatting" with a young lady. "When the lady comes," said Frank, "I will stomp like I did before. That will be the lady, and you go and shut the door. When I whistle you can then unlock the door and you come upstairs to my office then like you were going to borrow some money, and that will give the young lady time to get out."



Luther Z. Rosser, a big, forceful lawyer. Conley stuck to his main story under Rosser's cross-questioning, but his invariable reply to all other questions was "I don't know" or "I don't remember."

Frank then gave Conley a box of cigarettes and told him he could keep them. He asked Conley if Conley could write, and Conley said: "Yes, sir, a little bit," and then Frank dictated the "Murder Notes." At first they didn't suit, and he had to write several. "Then Frank pulled out a nice little roll of greenbacks and said: 'Here is two hundred dollars,' and I took the money and he said: 'You go down there in the basement and you take a lot of trash and burn that package that's in front of the furnace,' and I told him I was afraid to go down there by myself. He looked at me then kind of frightened and he said: 'Let me see that money,' and he took the money and put it back in his pocket, and I said: 'Is this the way you do things?' and he said: 'You keep your mouth shut. That's all right,' and Mr. Frank folded his hands and looked up and said: 'Why should I hang? I have wealthy people in Brooklyn,' and he said: 'Don't you worry about this thing; you just come back to work Monday like you don't know anything, and keep your mouth shut; if you get caught I will get you out on bond and send you away'; and he said: 'Can you come back this evening and do it?' and I said: 'Yes, that I was coming to get my money.' 'Well, if you are not coming back,' he said, 'let me know, and I will take those things [meaning the notes that Conley had written at Frank's dictation] and put them down with the body'; and I said: 'All right, I will be back in about forty minutes.'"

Conley went over to a beer saloon across the street and took the cigarettes out of the box, and found there were two paper dollar bills and two silver quarters in the cigarette box, "and I looked at the clock and it said twenty minutes to two." When he got home he sent for some sausage and cooked it and laid down and went to sleep, and didn't leave the house but for a moment until Monday morning.

On the 18th of May, over three weeks after the murder, Conley was confronted with the evidence that he could write. He then admitted that he could write, but denied being the author of the notes; gave a circumstantial account of his doings on the day of the murder, saying he had spent the morning on Peters Street, in a section of Atlanta devoted to negro trade. He said he had bought a half pint of whisky from a negro walking along Peters Street at eleven o'clock that morning. He insisted that he was not at the pencil factory on Saturday. Six days later he admitted that on Friday afternoon prior to the mur-

der he had written one of the notes and that Frank had written the other. He also said that Frank had given him the box of cigarettes, with the money in it, as told by him on the trial; that Frank had at the time asked him if he knew the night watchman, and if he ever saw him in the basement, and that Frank had said he would see that Conley got some money a little bit later.

Changing His Story

THIS affidavit shows that on Friday afternoon prior to the murder Frank got Conley to write one of the notes; he inquired about the basement, and asked if Conley knew the watchman, and mysteriously intimated that there was some reason for Frank's belief that he might hang, but he didn't think so because he had "wealthy people in Brooklyn." Frank therefore, as Conley intended in his imaginative negro way to imply, meant to murder Mary Phagan on the following day; that he probably intended to put the crime on the night watchman by means of the notes, and at least that he contemplated escape from punishment for some crime the punishment for which was death by hanging. The police therefore pointed out to him, as they admitted afterward, that this would not do—it showed premeditation, and it was impossible that Frank could have premeditated the murder.

Four days later Conley made another affidavit. He said this was to be his last statement, and had made up his mind to tell the "whole truth"; that the reason he said before that he had seen Frank at the factory on Friday and had written one of the notes for him was that he "might not be accused of knowing anything of this murder, for I thought that if I put myself there on Saturday they might accuse me of having a hand in it."

Conley added to the former affidavit the incident of the wardrobe as told at the trial, in order to add to the mystery and to show on Frank's part guilty fear.

In the next affidavit, for which the police announced at the time they would not take a fortune, Conley added that when he went up to the top of the stairs, Frank told him he had struck a little girl and that she was back in the metal room.

The police were now satisfied. Conley had finally found the body. The conviction of Frank was now assured, Conley had never seen Mary Phagan dead until

May 26, approximately a month after the murder. He never saw her alive on the day of the murder until he took the witness stand.

Conley's final affidavit represented Frank as taking this trifling, irresponsible negro into his confidence without the slightest motive. Conley hadn't seen Mary Phagan go upstairs, and yet Frank, in order simply to have Conley's help in taking the body down on the elevator, shares his secret with Conley. Conley therefore testified at the trial that when Frank "whistled" him upstairs, he asked him if he had seen two girls come upstairs, and Conley volunteers: "Yes, and I saw only one come down." Conley therefore knew there was one of the girls missing, and Frank, of necessity, had to take him into his confidence. The other important addition Conley added on the trial was that he had acted as a "lookout" for Frank on former occasions.

This story of "watching" was the explanation of how Conley happened to be at the factory on that holiday when he had no business there.

Conley must have been a pretty astute student of the law, for he could not otherwise have known that this story would give him the excuse for telling on the witness stand disgusting, poisonous, prejudicial "facts" similar to the gossip of the streets, the clubs, and the cafés.

Analysis of Conley's Story

IT WOULD take an entire issue of COLLIER'S to detail Conley's admitted lies on the stand.

I shall undertake to show very briefly: First, the absurdity of Conley's story; second, the admitted facts which controvert it; third, the convincing evidence against Conley inherent in the "Murder Notes."

Mary Phagan left her home at about fifteen minutes to twelve on that Saturday. She caught a car at 11.50 noon, which was due to arrive, and which according to the conductor and motorman did arrive at the point where she is said to have left it at 12.07½. She could not have arrived at the pencil factory by any possibility before 12.12. Various witnesses swore that it took them five minutes to walk the distance between the point where she alighted from the car and the factory. This time agrees with the time Frank swore she arrived.

Monteen Stover, whom Conley said followed Mary Phagan up the stairs, swore (Continued on page 23)

FLORIDA

SEEING AMERICA AT LAST—BY HARRISON RHODES

FLORIDA is a miracle—one night out from New York in a Pullman car! The winter North, clad in snow and sparkling ice, is an equal marvel, but it will never seem to us who belong there. One of the unforgettable romantic adventures of life, on whatever continent it is undertaken, is the first vision of the South, if it be only of the edge of the strange other world which the tropics must always seem to us of the temperate regions of the earth. The traveler should leave the North hard-bound with frost under a lowering gray sky; he should arrive toward sunset, perhaps when it has cleared after a soft spring shower. He should have just time to catch a glimpse of roses and of yellow fruit hanging among dark green leaves before the day puts on its tropic nightcap and the short twilight of the South passes into a starlit darkness. Then against the sky he should see slender exotic palmettos raise their feathery crests, and upon the soft Southern breeze, which already carries the savor of the sea and the scent of pine woods, he should feel the sleeping groves pour a flood of the perfume of the orange blossom, drenching the night in unbelievable fragrance.

Even when you come to it for the hundredth time the South is a land of enchantment; on each arrival you recapture something of that first vision of its magic. And it is only one night out in a Pullman car!

Can it be wondered that the trains rush gayly to and fro all winter, and that steamers skirt the stormy coast near Hatteras to come safely into Southern seas—all bearing their thousands of pilgrims to the Southland? Florida is a name to conjure with, as

it has been since Ponce de Leon's time. Even in darkest Europe, where they could scarcely tell you whether Massachusetts was a city, or a chewing gum, they know that Florida is a sunlit land of flowers and the favorite haunt of lotus-eating tourists.

Of course the tourists must eat plenty besides the lotus, and since Florida cattle do not precisely fatten upon pine needles and palmetto scrub, and Florida

Northern markets. This has all now been satisfactorily accomplished. Moreover, architects and plumbers have done their best and their worst, both the Art Nouveau and the bathtub are at last easily attainable everywhere. On the practical side, being Baedeker for Florida is an easy job. There are hotels and boarding houses all the way from Jacksonville to Key West and from St. Augustine to Pensacola. Unless you are absurdly penurious you can pay as little as you like; and unless your ambitions toward extravagance are really epoch-making you can pay as much as you brought along—and then send home for more. Florida is, in short, a completely equipped "resort region," it offers a compendious welcome to all America. It would especially invite with ironical politeness the inhabitants of a region called California, an alleged winter resort.

The greater accessibility of Florida will always make its competition with the remoter Pacific State a slightly unfair one. But comparisons between the rivals will also for all time furnish conversation to the occupants of ten thousand rocking-chairs on the hotel verandas which form the edges of the continent.

The question of their relative merits causes eternal unrest in the hearts of their admirers. Many an ardent Floridian visitor has taken the long trip to California just to confirm his belief that he preferred Florida; and no doubt by a trip South many a devoted Californian has quenched similar fires within his breast. No attempt will be made here to settle the great question. The writer himself has been for many years a lover of the great



The huge hotels are surrounded by miles of verandas. There are dinners and dances at the hotels and at restaurants. Far into the warm, perfumed night does Palm Beach pulsate with life

chickens show an unaccountable distaste for the climate, one of the great preoccupations of the peninsula was for years an express cold-storage service, and an immediate connection between Southern hotels and

spit of sands which lies between the Atlantic and the Gulf, but at the moment he means only to say something of the beauties of the rival landscapes.

On what might be termed the picture post-card standard of comparison the Pacific slope is unquestionably the winner. Snow-clad peaks, green foothills, and a placid turquoise sea are assets undeniable; they even hint pleasantly at the Italian and Spanish shores of the Mediterranean. The Florida scene is in a slightly lower key—the Floridian landscape has, once you have felt its spell, a more romantic atmosphere, a more haunting, almost melancholy, charm. Only afoot and afloat can you learn to appreciate the desolate flat stretches of Florida's sands, where the wind is forever whistling in the pine tops and the view always ends in an impenetrable green wall, and to love the lonely windings of her brackish coast rivers and lagoons between sedgy banks crowned with low mangrove thickets, past bars where oysters are uncovered at low tide, flats where blue and white herons fish, and sand banks where pelicans congregate. Almost everywhere in Florida, even in the northern part, the wilderness still comes to your back door. If not quite the wilderness, at least something very wild; the monotony of the pine woods, deserted except by an occasional crew of half-savage turpentiners, and, in the "hammocks," the real lush tangle of the jungle. Wild life in Florida seems eager always to come back to the settlements. The tourist will note here and there Government "bird reservations," which are now sanctuaries to all wild fowl. And the oldest inhabitants will tell you that birds which thirty years ago they thought extinct have mysteriously reappeared and are thriving as wards of the nation.

In the southern part of the State the actual wilderness is, of course, close at hand, or was until the drainage canals began to do away with that immortal geographical mystery with the haunting name of Everglades. At Palm Beach, which is at once the gayest, the modernest, and the most cosmopolitan of all Florida's pleasure spots, it is especially and piquantly romantic to see tiny bands of Indians who have literally come forth from the untracked watery fastnesses of the saw grass to gaze upon the preposterous works of the white man—and to sell the white woman a little rubbish in the way of baskets and so forth. They bring back memories of the brave days of Osceola and the Seminole War—no European resort

can so show the agreeable contrast of the centuries. To be the oldest and newest State, the earliest to be inhabited and the latest to be really settled of all those east of the Mississippi is Florida's curious characteristic. It is not easy elsewhere, only one night out from the Metropolis on a Pullman car, to take up Government land upon which you may possibly find, in the heart of some green tangle, nameless ruins of earlier Spanish days. Ponce de Leon made a beginning of the discovery of Florida, but the work can be carried on by each new tourist and amateur antiquarian.

However, a great deal is known about Florida, and some little part of it may be worth setting down here. Florida is the second largest State east of the Mississippi. It has the longest coast line of any of the States, and, except for Louisiana, the lowest elevation above the sea. Florida mountain tops soar to something like a hundred and fifty feet; and a peak of sixty or seventy feet is notable—Mount Ararat, a pleasant hummock of the writer's acquaintance, lifts itself no farther than that toward the clouds. The whole east coast is guarded by sand spits of varying width, behind which lie long tidal lagoons, commonly called rivers, on whose safely sheltered waters, now joined by canals, it is possible to take shallow-draft craft all the long way from Jacksonville to Key West. The west coast is more broken; it has deep-water harbors cutting inland, and occasional beetling bluffs of thirty or forty feet facing the Gulf. The central part of the State holds at the south the Everglades, and farther north a pretty region where literally thousands of blue lakes



At Palm Beach life does not lag behind the climate. Swept by a soft sea breeze and transformed by money magic from a barren stretch of sands to a garden of the Arabian Nights, Palm Beach succeeds in making even the American millionaire lazy

dot the pine woods. A little to the east of the center lies Florida's great river, the St. John's, and its green basin. And to the northwest, where the State stretches a long narrow finger toward the Mississippi, is Pensacola—the old capital of West Florida in the days when they quaintly said "the Floridas"—on its great bay, and the pretty capital of the State, as constituted in 1821, Tallahassee, on its little hill. This part of Florida, lying as it does rather outside the main lines of communication between north and south, is not much talked of nowadays—perhaps it is better to deal with it now in passing. Its prettiest advertisement is the story of how, in the remote days of the early nineteenth century, Prince Achille Murat, son of Napoleon's King of Naples, wandered over the whole country of America searching for the ideal spot for an exile's home, and finally settled in the prettiest place he found, Tallahassee in the little Floridian hills. Here in the pleasant ante-bellum days was the only society in the State which compared with the aristocracies of

South Carolina and Virginia. Not many traces of the mansions of those days are left, but the sentimental tourist may still find the plantation to which the widowed Princess Murat retired, even after Napoleon III had tempted her by showing her all the gayeties of the Tuilleries.

But we are forgetting State geography and geology. Considering the fact that it was sought in the Spanish days as El Dorado, the golden land, it is amusing that it is the only one of the United States in which no metal—precious or base—has ever been found. As to that other quest of the conquerors who came from Cuba, the Fountain of Youth, the peninsula has more nearly rewarded hope. Whatever their miraculous or medicinal value may be, Florida is a land of fountains or springs. The limestone and coral which lie under the surface sands and soil are full of live streams, which bring down the waters of the more northern hills. The pleasant local legend is that a drought in the mountains of Georgia and Tennessee is felt two years later in Florida's flowing wells. In the Everglades the streams gush forth into a wilderness of

waters. And almost anywhere in the peninsula artesian wells will bring to the surface the underground flood. The waters burst forth at places even under the sea and boil up through the surf. Wells may be drilled in the beach itself, and will flow at high tide—with fresh water! Best of all are the natural springs which pour forth into deep crystal basins, sometimes hundreds of feet across—sapphire jewels set in the green wood. To swim out in limpid waters under a blue sky till you feel underneath you the great current of the fountain streaming from the earth's heart is a sensation which Florida offers in perfection.

Jacksonville is the gateway to Florida. It was once itself a winter resort, in the days when the St. John's was the chief seat of tourist existence and the steamers on its clear, dark brown waters almost the only means of communication with the interior of the State. The stately river is a little neglected now, but it is still beautiful, and along its banks, by its broad lakelike

expanses, gather always some travelers faithful to the old traditions. It bears neglect with dignity, and seems to remember by preference the days when the New York and Boston steamers merely touched at Jacksonville and then plowed their way majestically to Palatka. A river that has so borne ocean traffic may well be proud! The upper St. John's is a narrower, tortuous stream; navigation must sometimes be delayed while the negro hands pole the boat off a bank or a sand bar. A trip upon it or, better, upon its chief tributary, the classic Ocklawaha, should be—generally is—obligatory in the tourist's itinerary. The Ocklawaha winds through the thickest, wildest, most tropically tangled of the Florida woods. Not only do the trees themselves grow in exuberant profusion, but parasitic ferns cover their twisted branches and gray moss drapes their arms in long streaming banners. Creeping vines twist among them, and from the warm, moist swamp earth below a thick and varied undergrowth springs. Nowhere in the world can there be so many shades of green as in the springtime woods of Florida, when the darker colors of pine, palmetto, and magnolia blend with all the fresh leafage of the deciduous trees; it would not be unfair to say that no one who has not taken the Ocklawaha trip has any acquaintance with the color.

Places in the Sun

THE main tide of Floridian travel goes from Jacksonville down the famous east coast. St. Augustine, ancient capital and ancient city, the oldest settlement within the limits of the United States, is still Florida's chief show town. It has always managed, in spite of successive conflagrations, to keep something of the old Spanish atmosphere. South from St. Augustine the railroad goes through pine woods and past great salt rivers toward Palm Beach. It goes through Ormond where the famous beach begins, and Daytona where the motoring by the sea is at its best, along twenty miles of hard-packed sands, smooth as that traditional park road which is so rarely found in any American park. Daytona may perhaps be taken as typical of the kind of Florida resort which is as much "homes" as it is hotels, and has a season from November till May. It goes in for comfort rather than fashion. It provides not only for youth, but for old age, for all the nice old people who only ask of life "a place in the sun." Daytona, not too modestly, advertises itself as the "prettiest winter resort in the world."

At Palm Beach the climate becomes more definitely tropical and the life of the resort does not lag behind the climate. The hotels are huge and crowded, they contain streets of shops like the bazars of Constantinople, à la carte restaurants, tea rooms, ball rooms, cafés where cabaret dancers perform and colored quartets continually twang the indigenous banjo. They are surrounded by miles of verandas and round them lie the most beautiful of Florida's gardens—a riot of color and perfume. From them stretch avenues of coconut palms and palmettoes, and for miles, even into the jungle, smooth paths which can be negotiated by wheel chairs propelled by black boys pedaling behind, the jocosely termed "Afromobiles." Idleness has always been the rarest American quality. Palm Beach, swept by a soft sea breeze, and transformed by the magic of money from a barren stretch of sands to a very garden spot of the Arabian Nights, succeeds in making even the American millionaire lazy. It is true that he occasionally fishes, sails on the lake, swims in the surf and plays languid golf over an absurdly smooth green course. But he is astonishingly content to behave as idle Europeans used to, to sip drinks to the music of a band and to consider that pretty women and good chefs are the real essentials in country life. Far into the warm perfumed night does Palm Beach pulsate with life. There are dinners and dances. Wheel chairs dart like fireflies through the darkness. After a few weeks of such (Concluded on page 26)



From the gardens stretch avenues of coconut palms and palmettoes, and for miles, even into the jungle, smooth paths which can be negotiated by "Afromobile"

A UNIFORM TRADE-MARK IDEA *for Goods Made In U. S. A.*

One of the most practical suggestions in support of the "Made in U. S. A." campaign, to which Collier's has been devoting its best effort for some months, comes to us in an announcement from the Detroit Chamber of Commerce. It is a plan for distinguishing "Made in U. S. A." goods by a uniform trade-mark. And to this end the Detroit Chamber of Commerce is offering a cash prize of \$500 for the best design embodying the words "Made in U. S. A." with the name of the city in which the goods are made—as for instance, "Made in Detroit, U. S. A.", "Made in Chicago, U. S. A.", etc., etc.

This is an excellent suggestion and deserving of support from every quarter, particularly since the Detroit business men are not acting in their own interest alone, but for the manufacturers of the nation at large.

They take pains to state in their announcement that they are taking the initiative in this matter only because it is essential that the "U. S. A." propaganda should be focused in a usable trade-mark in order that goods made here may be distinguished by other than the merely negative fact of not bearing a foreign label.

They state clearly their intention to refrain from taking any copyright on the design selected or of retaining for themselves any exclusive right therein. The design is to be the common property of the manufacturers of the United States, of other boards of commerce, national associations of manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and similar organizations.

This generous action is taken in the hope that the general adoption of such a trade-mark may result in the labeling of American goods with a standard trade-mark—a hope in which Collier's joins with enthusiasm.

Mr. Charles B. Warren, president of the Detroit Board of Commerce, in announcing this public-spirited plan, writes as follows:

"I do not believe that the mere labeling of our products or that patriotic fervor will ever sell goods which are shoddy. Quality must always count in the long run. But if we do build quality products there is no reason why they should not sell alongside imported goods.

"It is an actual fact that the United States manufactures many things in every way superior to the same products made abroad. But we have been buying goods simply because they were imported. We have been hypnotized by the idea that a thing made in Europe is better than the same thing made in the United States. The European war has forced us to an awakening. The opportunity is before us. We have only to take advantage of it by capitalizing the fact that the goods we use are made in the United States of America."

This is sound and forcible endorsement of the idea which Collier's was the first to promote in a national way and which, we are glad to state, has been given the most generous support by other publications, as well as by manufacturers, bankers, merchants and consumers throughout the United States.

THE PEOPLE ARE READY TO BUY
GOODS MADE IN U. S. A. COLLIER'S
HAS PROVEN THAT. LET US ALL
CO-OPERATE TO GIVE THEM
THE OPPORTUNITY BY TRADE-
MARKING OUR PRODUCTS AND
GIVING THE WIDEST PUBLICITY
TO THE NEW TRADE-MARK

"MADE IN U. S. A."

E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

The Frank Case

(Continued from page 20)

she got to the office at exactly five minutes after twelve, and left at ten minutes after twelve. She, too, had come for her pay. She did not see Conley at the foot of the stairs, though he saw her. He was hiding "so Mr. Darley wouldn't see him," because Frank had told him, he said, not to let Darley see him, and that "explained" why Conley was in hiding and why nobody had seen him that day. Monteen Stover's testimony contradicted Frank, who swore he had not been out of his office between 12 and 12.30 noon. Frank said it was possible that he had stepped out of his office for a moment in the performance of some routine which would not ordinarily have impressed itself on his mind. Frank's stenographer had left at two minutes after twelve.

If Conley's story is true, then Mary Phagan arrived between two minutes after twelve and five minutes after twelve, gave her number to Frank, received her pay envelope from the cash box, went back to the metal room with Frank, and screamed out before Monteen Stover arrived—all in the space of three minutes. While Monteen Stover was there Frank was strangling her back in the metal room, 150 feet away, and was back in his office before twenty minutes after twelve, because he was then seen sitting in his office at work at his desk by Lemmie Quinn, a foreman in the factory. Quinn stayed five minutes, and Frank showed no slightest trace of nervousness. Five minutes after Quinn left, Mrs. White, the wife of one of the men at work on the fourth floor, also saw Frank in the outer office as she went upstairs.

When Conley reported to Frank that the girl was dead, this must have been a piece of remarkable news to the man who had strangled her with a rope an hour before. Perhaps Frank was not sure that she was dead, because Conley swore he had another rope in his hands, ready perhaps to use in case the rope around the girl's neck should fail; although how a man bent on completing such desperate, cold-blooded work should be nervously "shivering and trembling and rubbing his hands" (with a rope in one hand), is not just clear to anyone of average intelligence.

The Mix-ups in Conley's Story

MRS. WHITE had spoken to Frank as she went upstairs to the fourth floor. At about ten minutes to one this lady and her husband and another man saw Frank on the fourth floor, who told them that he was going to lunch and would have to lock up the factory. The two men told Frank they would not be through with their work before he got back from lunch, and then Frank told Mrs. White that if she wanted to go before he got back from lunch she would have to go then, or he would be compelled to lock her in the factory; that he was all ready to go except to put on his hat and coat. Mrs. White left, and was at a furniture store four blocks from the factory at one o'clock. She had followed after Frank down the stairway, and saw him on the second floor writing at a desk in the outer office as she passed out.

These witnesses are not disputed. So that when Conley returned from the metal room and told Frank that Mary Phagan was dead, he must have been talking to Frank's double or his ghost, because Frank, according to himself and three other white witnesses, was upstairs on the fourth floor getting ready to leave the factory for lunch. He did leave at one o'clock, and was home at twenty minutes past one. A dozen witnesses saw him on his way home, at his home, and on his way back to the office. Conley said when he left the factory at about half past one he left Frank there.

The State insisted that Mary Phagan was attacked before Monteen Stover came to the factory at 12.05. But Mary Phagan, according to three of the State's witnesses, was on the street car several blocks away as late as seven minutes after twelve.

At about twenty minutes after one Frank had said to Conley: "My God, here comes Emma Clarke and Corintha Hall!" These two women were in Frank's office that day, but they were there, not at twenty minutes after one, but at twenty-five minutes to twelve. Six white witnesses swore to this time—and Frank was at his desk, not dictating "Murder Notes" to Conley, or paying him \$200 to burn the body of Mary Phagan, but at-

tending to his legitimate business. Conley knew from the newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest that these two women had called, but his inferior brain was not able to grasp the time element.

A Remarkable Vis-a-vis

ONE of the farcical pieces of testimony given by Conley was to the effect that after the body of Mary Phagan had been wrapped in a "crocus" sack and deposited in the basement of the factory, Frank and Conley repaired to Frank's office on the second floor. After the hiding of Conley in the wardrobe, the "Murder Notes" were written; and then the drunken, ignorant negro and the Cornell graduate and factory head sat down to a quiet, friendly smoke. After a few mutual congratulations on the success of the murder, Frank having recovered from his "shivering and trembling," and Conley having, as he said, sweated the whisky and beer out of his system in the wardrobe sufficiently to be able to write, Frank gave Conley \$200 in bills to go down to the basement and burn the body with some "trash," and upon Conley's saying he would not go down unless Frank went with him, Frank took back the \$200. Conley finally agreed to come back in forty minutes and burn the body and get the money, but he went home and went to sleep, and forgot all about the \$200. This alleged action of Frank is contrary to all human nature. It was not the time to anger Conley. There was no money in the office. The help had just been paid off, and Frank's bank book showed a balance the day before of \$16.

With Mary Phagan's body were found two notes. There was found also a pencil and a pad back containing half a dozen unused pages, from which one of the notes had been torn.

The first note reads as follows:

"mam that negro hire(d) down here did this i went to . . . and he pushed me down that hole a long tall negro black that hoo it was long steam tall negro i wright while . . ."

The second note reads:

"he said . . . play like the night witch did it but that long tall black negro did buy his self."

The first note starts off: "Mam, that negro hire(d) down here did this." This refers to one person—that is, "that one man hired down here did this." There were several men "hired" on the second floor, and any number of girls. So that "one man" could not have referred to the one man hired on the second floor. Of course, Conley swears that Frank got him to write the notes in his (Frank's) office on the second floor; but every earmark of these notes shows that they were not the work of deliberation but of haste. Up to the time of the trial Conley insisted Frank wrote the longer note, beginning "Mam." This was patently a lie. Besides, Frank never would have had Mary Phagan address her mother as "Mam." The negro would. So he claimed on the trial that Frank got him to write both notes. If it was only one note, as it was evidently intended to be, it could have been written on one sheet. The second note shows an afterthought. He writes "long, tall negro," and then he adds "black"—so that the police will be sure to know it is not a yellow or "ginger-cake" negro.

Scratch Pad Contradicts Conley

CONLEY claims Frank reached up into a pigeonhole in his desk and drew down the pad on which these notes were written. Frank would not be likely to have in his desk for current use, unless for scratch purposes, an old pad four years old. But if he had this old pad for scratch purposes, would it be likely to be a pad composed entirely of sheets filled with carbon impressions? For it now turns out that the sheet on which the first or "Mam" note was written, as distinctly seen through the microscope, was a carbon impression of an order for supplies directed to the Cotton States Belt and Supply Company, and signed by a man named Becker, now a resident of New Jersey, who was at the time master mechanic at the pencil factory. The number of the order is shown on the note—"1018." The original of this order as well as several of the immediately preceding and succeeding orders is in existence and in the possession of Frank's lawyers. The original order was dated in September, 1909. It was the custom to send the original orders out and to retain the carbon impressions. These pads filled with carbon impressions were carried

(Here's The Answer)



"What soup shall I have?"

That is the puzzling question!

Are you planning an elaborate function? Or is it one of those semi-formal "little" dinners, or luncheons which help to make the social world go round?

In any case "Campbell's Tomato Soup" may well be the wise and easy answer.

Prepare it either as a light tomato bouillon or as a rich cream-of-tomato; or serve it in bouillon-cups topped with whipped cream—for a specially attractive feature.

It is readily adapted to any meal, moderate or hearty. And its rich distinctive quality commends it to the most epicurean taste.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
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Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo(Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
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Into the cellar as refuse when, as Becker swears, his office was cleaned up; that is to say, when he left the factory on the last Saturday of December, 1912, a few months before the murder. Since January 1, 1911, all pads used for orders were printed with the date "191—" and the "190—" headline shown in this first note discarded.

The Notes and the "Night Witch"

IT was too dark in the cellar, with the dim light, for Conley to see the carbon impression of the first note which he at first said Frank himself wrote, but it would have been impossible for Frank in his well-lighted office on the second floor, in the middle of the day, not to have seen it. If the notes had been written in the office on the second floor, why was the pad back on which the second note had been written found with the notes and the pencil and the body in the cellar? Here were all the materials used in the making of the notes found in the cellar. Where then were the notes written? In the cellar and in the cellar only, by the light of the gas jet kept burning there. If the body was to be burned, why write the notes at all? Conley never said a word about burning the body in his affidavits made before the trial. And why should Frank let Conley know that he was going to place Conley's incriminating handwriting beside the body?

The prosecutor and the police contended that Conley's story that Frank had dictated the notes to Conley was true on the face of the notes themselves, because no negro would write "did this"—he would have said "done this"—and no negro would write the word "negro"—he would have written "nigger." The old-time, uneducated, ante-bellum negro was often given to saying "I done it," and among the first inaccuracies of speech to be corrected by teachers in the South is this use of "done." The same is true of "negro." The negro doesn't like the word "nigger." But we don't have to rely on theories. Conley in his testimony on the trial used the word "did" in the same sense nearly a hundred times. For instance, "I did as he said," "They would keep at me until I did," "He walked faster than I did, and when I saw [not seen] he was walking faster than I did, then I walked faster too." But a clearer proof is at hand in the several "love" letters Conley wrote to his colored sweetheart with whom he became acquainted while both were in jail. In these letters the words "did" and "negro" occur frequently, and these letters are frightfully obscene.

There is another strong piece of evidence inherent in the notes themselves. Conley makes Mary Phagan say that the "long, tall, sleek, black negro" would "play"—that is, make it appear—"like the night witch did it," but that he "did it buy his self." Again, turn to Conley's expressions on the witness stand: "It seemed like he was too far back." "You just come back to work Monday like you have never known anything." "Going like they were coming down the steps." The term "night witch" has been used by negroes to designate an imaginary evil spirit that crawls through keyholes and suffocates little children, or lurks in dark places at night and waylays grown-ups. It is inconceivable that Frank, a Cornell graduate and a Northern man, unused all his life to association with negroes until his advent in Atlanta, and then only in the remotest business association, would know of this negro superstition concerning the "night witch." The whole idea of the writing of the notes is so idiotic that no white man of intelligence, much less a Cornell graduate, would have conceived it. He could not have conceived either the language, the ideas, or the purpose of the notes.

Conley's Negro Logic

WOULD Frank not know that these notes in Conley's handwriting would immediately fasten suspicion on Conley, and that Conley, to protect himself, would immediately expose Frank? The fact that Conley claimed before the trial that he wrote one note and Frank the other, shows that in his dense ignorance he did not know that handwriting is individual and would reveal the author; and that argues that when he left the notes alongside the body his cunning deceived him.

The notes repeat three times the words "a long, tall, black negro." Conley, on the witness stand, described a "stout, black negro" behind the bar. He described a woman as "a tall, heavy-built lady." He claimed Frank "had a good, long, wide piece of cord in his hands." He described another as "a little bitta

chunky man, wears big eyeglasses." Another he describes as "a tall, slim-built, heavy man."

What white man would conceive the preposterous idea that a girl in her dying agony could or would write? What white man would believe that such a pretense would deceive anybody of intelligence? The purpose of the notes, no matter who wrote them, was to divert suspicion, which would be immediately defeated by the handwriting itself, which was not Mary Phagan's, and by tracing the authorship. Frank would have known that instantly, but Conley was capable of no such logic. He placed the pencil and the notes and the pad by the body to make people believe Mary Phagan had written the notes in the cellar. He thought that the police would recognize it as a negro's crime, and so he makes the notes describe a negro. He knew that the crime occurred in the basement, and so he picks on the man who was employed down there. He never dreamed of the storm of prejudice that would swirl around Frank and make it so easy for him to say, and to be believed, that Frank had dictated the notes.

Tell-Tale Cinders

THE State contended that Frank murdered Mary Phagan on the second floor of the pencil factory. There was found four corpuscles of "blood"—a mere iota—on the second floor. The girl was brutally handled and bled freely, not only from the wound in her head, but from other parts of her body. Her physical condition when found is utterly inconsistent with the theory of the State that Frank killed her in a moment of anger due to her resentment. There were cinders and sawdust in the girl's nose and mouth, drawn in in the act of breathing, and under her finger nails. Her face had been rubbed before death into these cinders evidently in the attempt to smother her cries. Her clothes were all soiled in the cinders—yet Conley swore he and Frank carried the body in a "crocus" sack into the cellar and left it there. This "crocus" sack was never found. There was not an ounce of cinders on the second floor, where Conley said he found her dead. The upper floors were swept clean every day. There were some strands of loose hair found on a machine on the second floor where Frank is supposed to have struck Mary Phagan. They were not discovered by the officers on Sunday in a complete search of the factory. The expert who microscopically examined this hair and compared it with Mary Phagan's informed the prosecutor before the trial that the hair was not that of Mary Phagan's; but this information was withheld from the defense, and was not brought out by the prosecutor on the trial who afterward said the matter was not important, and that he had proved by other witnesses that the hair "resembled" Mary Phagan's. On the trial the prosecutor claimed to have lost these strands of hair.

Summing Up

MARY PHAGAN'S umbrella was found at the foot of the elevator shaft. Evidently she had leaned it against the elevator shaft when she "went to" (fasten her hose supporter, for illustration). It had fallen down into the cellar. Conley never mentioned it in his affidavits or testimony. He did not mention her handkerchief, blood stained, found in the cellar. He denied ever having seen Mary's purse until he was recalled at the last moment of his evidence. Then he said he had seen it lying on Frank's desk when he and Frank returned from the cellar after disposing of the body, and that Frank had put the purse in the safe.

Frank opened the safe in the presence of the officers the next morning. Frank would have had no use for the purse, the hat ribbon, or the hat flowers which were stripped from the hat and never found. They are the natural spoils of the savage. It is inconceivable that the superintendent of the factory would escape from the back door in the basement after prying the lock off. Conley had \$2.50 when he left the factory that day. Did he get that from a cigarette box given him by Frank, as he testified, or did he take it out of Mary Phagan's purse? Nobody would expect the factory entrance to be open on a holiday. Why should Frank have asked Conley to "watch" to see that nobody came in, instead of locking the door? Conley could not, and would not, have prevented any Southern white man from entering that factory that day. He

would have been knocked down. The very fact that Conley was attempting it would arouse suspicion. There was a substance found at the bottom of the elevator shaft on Sunday which had been left there on Saturday morning. This is undisputed. It is Conley's own testimony.

If the elevator cage had gone into the basement that Saturday noon, it would have been crushed. It was crushed when the elevator was operated on Sunday. This is a physical fact which cannot be argued away, and which unimpeachably

disproves Conley's story. The two silent workmen on the fourth floor never heard the elevator run that day. The gearing of the elevator was on the fourth floor, uninclosed, and they could not have avoided hearing the noise and feeling the vibration.

All this trouble has come upon Frank because of a bottle of cheap whisky purchased by one worthless negro from another negro in a Southern city which prohibits the sale of whisky.

The verdict of the jury was but the echo of the clamor of the crowd.

The War Through Your Eyes

(Concluded from page 4)

"And what do you think?" she asked. I shook my head.

"He wants to get back in the fighting! Some one told him that he might be cured—I don't believe it—with electricity. But they're too busy at the hospital to give him electric treatment.

"Why do you suppose he wants to get back to the fighting? *Vengeance*, I wrote him to remember—you know—that 'vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and what do you think he writes back—in this very letter?"

I didn't know.

"That if I had seen what he had seen I wouldn't talk that way—that he would have vengeance."

Then I had to get out to wait four hours for the "connection" for Havre.

What Matters

IN the consular office at Havre I met a Frenchman who had crossed the ocean to fight for his country. His uncle is a wealthy merchant in the United States.

The young fellow—he, too, was not out of his twenties—was hobbling about with the aid of a stick. One leg would never be right again—he would always have to hobble. On the following Saturday he was to return to America, having done his part.

In one of the big important cavalry engagements of the war his regiment had ridden at the enemy, 2,000 strong, and had come out of the fight with 300 men not killed or wounded. But the regiment was victorious, which was all that mattered.

"Is your home in the United States?" I asked.

"Yes, in New York."

"Aren't you naturalized?"

"No—I don't believe in it—I'm a Frenchman."

The American Vice Consul at Havre, Mr. Beecher, who was a listener at this conversation, who had been at Havre many years and who knows many people, afterward introduced me to a young French soldier—a mere boy—son of a prominent citizen.

This boy had been in severe fighting. He had been wounded—and one arm had been amputated above the elbow. His right arm.

In the British hospital on the sea front, which occupies the casino—in the same room where, last summer, the roulette wheel was spinning—I saw a youthful English officer, a subaltern. He lay very still on the white bed, with the left side of his face and forehead hidden behind linen dressings. The part of his face revealed was that of a handsome young Briton.

The nurse told me that part of his face was shot away.

Four young men—each one under thirty. One maimed, two crippled, and one disfigured—for the rest of life, very likely for the greater part of life. Here, to my mind, is the awful tragedy, the horror, of war. It isn't that men are killed, for they die unselfishly for country, and almost without exception it is the kind of death men of their stamp would choose. But it's the crippled, the maimed, and the disfigured. That is perpetuating the barbarity of war at the expense of the innocent individual. Fiendish.

Impatient Youngsters

BRITISH officers told me that was what they feared, and all they feared—crippling. They succeed very well in joking about it.

When the news that war was declared came to certain officers I know, they at once experimented to see if they could play golf on one leg. Then told about it merrily. But these men go into the fight heads up, shoulders thrown back, hoping for a mortal wound, if they are to be shot at all, and not for a disabling injury that will handicap them physically for all time, or make them a

torture for their friends to look upon. But I mustn't leave with you the impression, which would be untrue, that British officers distress themselves about what may or may not happen to them. Neither do French or Belgian, but with them my intercourse has necessarily been more restricted owing to lingual limitations. But I feel I do know the British officer—not the crusty old colonel type, who complains when he is not saluted on an ill-lighted street, but the subaltern and the lieutenant who kick like our own Texas boys because they are kept in Havre for twenty-four hours instead of being sent direct to the firing line.

These clean-looking, good-looking, a-little-stupid-looking lads came to Havre from England delightfully washed, shaved, and tailored, with boots and equipment shining, and very exact as to gloves—oh, yes, and a smudge under the nose which passes for the mustache required by the army regulations. They ask you, or they did me, what the game is like up at the front; inform you that at Sandhurst they were taught that all England and France had to do was to drive the Germans across the Rhine, leaving Russia to finish the "show"; and growl because they were kept in "this beastly hole," meaning Havre. Because of their youth and their superb physical fitness, they reminded me of football subs on the bench, chafing because the head coach did not put them in the game.

And when put in the game! Just like the sub, eager to score for his side, they dash out, prancing like blue-ribbon winners.

But I must tell you about Lieutenant—call him Rock, to distinguish him—from the Flying Wing of the Royal Navy.

He came down to the boat with me when I left Havre for Southampton; was the last soldier man I had speech with, and perhaps did color my point of view. (But as long as half the earth is at war I'd rather think there was some good in it than that it was all bad. The latter view, it seems to me, is righteous over much—the "full dinner pail" calling the country's defender slack). He is—if still alive—the very salt.

Sh!

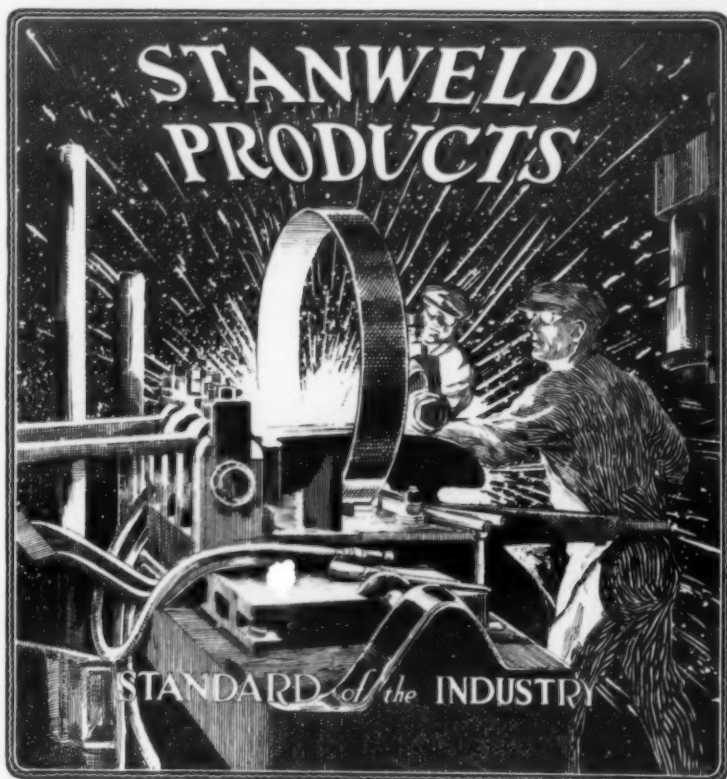
IN a racing motor he had been perilously close to the German lines, all along the battle front in France, and had made a map of his 50-mile-an-hour inspection, which had pleased the admiralty, and the admiralty had wired that they were shipping him a special bus to fly in and his cup of happiness was overflowing.

You see he had been asked if he could get away to France in less than twelve hours, and as he had to get his aerial uniform, and get married—for he wasn't married in the Boer war when he was loaned to the army—it was quite some picnic. But he had done it, and had also accomplished what was asked of him on the Continent. So, seated in the smoke room of the channel boat, he delivered himself thus:

"Walter! another Bass. Do you know that the reason that the navy fly lower than any flying men in the world—400 feet, mind you—is Bass? When I'm seventy—if they don't pick me off—and crippled up with rheumatism, perhaps it will not give me joy to tell of this picnic—can't tell you what it is—dead secret, our game. Wait!"

"You phone my missis and tell her you saw me happy because they've given me a top-hole bus."

I told his missis, who was as pleased as he was. Now I'm waiting news of this exploit of the flying wing of the royal navy. Perhaps you may hear of it as soon as I do. And yet you may hear of it through me; for the lieutenant has promised me the story—if he lives to tell the tale.



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Senator Beveridge will also have extraordinary opportunities to get to the various scenes of action under favorable auspices and many of his articles will deal with battle fields and armies in action.

Senator Beveridge will write exclusively for Collier's.

Florida

(Concluded from page 21)

Idleness it is wise to return to New York or Chicago for a little restful work.

Miami lies at the beginning of the Keys. Its note is a more tempered luxury and gayety, its typical figure is the yachtsman and sportsman. Southward the railroad makes that amazing sea-going journey to Key West, spanning by concrete bridges, thrown from low islet to islet, the sea, turned milky turquoise from the coral rocks—it is the most romantic railway in the world. Here and there are construction camps, and the occasional rough dwellings of the "Conchs," as the inhabitants of the Keys are called. And at Long Key is a pleasant fisherman's camp run by the railway, an Arcadia tempered by the tastes of city folk. But the main impression, as the line curves to far Key West—the half-Cuban southernmost point of the Union—is of lonely seas and forgotten islands. The waters behind these sheltering keys are the yachtsman's paradise. He fishes and bathes in crystal tropic waters, and, if he is so minded, may make the acquaintance along these low-lying shores of odd characters. Florida indeed all along its coasts has caught strange human driftwood. The gentleman in a tattered straw hat who watches your boat may be an illiterate "cracker" or he may be a nobleman of France—both are possibilities on these tropic shores.

The tarpon, king of game fishes, is on the whole inclined to prefer the west coast to the east, and his taste determines that of many of his angler admirers. The regions south from Tampa, though indeed they contain agricultural and horticultural settlements, are, from the tourist's point of view, the sportsman's. Besides the coast there is a wonderful inland district for rod and gun, the center of which is Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchee River, flowing from the great lake of the Everglades, Okeechobee, to the Gulf. Here again civilization has transported its preposterous comforts to the wilderness, and the wearied woodsman can at the day's end refresh himself with metropolitan cooking and the fox trot. Can more be said to tempt the tourist?

Down Tampa Way

TAMPA, St. Petersburg, and the parts near by are favorites with people who mean to escape the whole of the northern winter, and who "get rates" at the hotels and boarding houses on these terms. It is all beautiful country, with plenty of blue water and the admirable Gulf climate. Tampa's big hotel is, or at least was quite recently, owned and run by the municipality.

The central region is filled with brisk, prosperous little towns, brick paved, and electric lit. Here there is a large proportion of permanent settlers—they have good schools—even universities—and they play polo. Choose oranges, potatoes, celery, or tomatoes as your crop, and some district will on scientific investiga-

tion prove to be your agricultural affinity. The selection may be left to you and the various settlers' bureaus. The business of this article is not so much to find permanent homes as pleasant places for the winter holiday.

It seems to the writer that he has thus far exercised admirable restraint, in that he has said so little about climate. His restraint will be carried so far even as to tell no special lies about the weather. He has even a confession to make: the weather is not always perfect even in Florida.

Golden Days

THE theory now advanced is that it takes more than temperature to make the tropics, or even what geographers technically term the subtropics. If the thermometer alone could do it, we might run the July equator through Broadway or Main Street in most of our northern towns, and (let it be whispered low), take the Arctic Circle on a January holiday trip down South—it would feel quite at home sometimes when a Florida "norther" was blowing—especially if, like so many tourists, it had forgotten to bring its woolen underwear. But what if Florida is sometimes chilly: it doesn't look so. The author's contention is that wherever the palmetto rustles in the wind and the orange hangs heavy with golden fruit there is the South, whatever the mercury may say. If palms flourish in the open, as it is alleged they do, on the west coast of Scotland, then that coast is in the tropics. It has borrowed from the warm airs of the Gulf Stream some of the beauty of the Floridian shores from which the great ocean current flows. Seriously, at its best, no, even at its average, the Floridian climate is a thing so wonderful that you can sometimes scarcely believe at the end of a month that you have really had thirty such golden days. Lying between two sun-warmed seas, as it does, the peninsula is always fanned by salt air. Florida weather at its best, in those incredible spring days of warm, fresh sea winds, almost accomplishes the impossible: it is both tonic and soothing, it at once invigorates and calms you. The calmness is accentuated by the inevitable sense of remoteness which oranges and roses give you as you read in your letters from home of frost and blizzard in the North.

The South, one must repeat it in closing, is a miracle, a pretty fairy tale which no one, if he can be carried aboard the Florida train on a litter, can afford to miss. What charm can there be in snows and the fire crackling on the hearth, when down yonder the full moon is flooding the orange groves with light, showing golden fruit and white blossom, and the mocking birds, tricked into the belief that it is day, are singing through the gorgeous southern night!

This is the first of a series of articles on "Seeing America at Last"

Barbara's Marriages

(Continued from page 12)

She gave him one of her pillows, and he chose a place for it on the grass, picking the driest spot, with old-maidish solicitude for his person.

"I thought I'd have a talk with you," Gilbert said, and then he coughed uneasily.

Somehow Barbara found her heart beating uncomfortably.

"Brother, I wrote to Mrs. Everleigh to see if I couldn't be governess to her children," she said. "She replied yesterday that she was trying to get a college graduate. I reckon I'm not well enough educated to teach anything but very poor children."

Gilbert scowled.

"There's no reason why my sister should work for her living. Grassmere isn't ours, but I do enough on the place to pay your way and mine."

His voice was bitter. Poor Gilbert wasn't free either, Barbara reflected. She knelt down on the grass by his side and gave him one of her rare caresses. She was demonstrative by nature, but her constraint with Anita usually extended to her brother.

"If I were sure of my health," Gilbert said hoarsely, after she had gone back to the hammock, "I could take care of you, no matter what happened. But I've got a bad heart. I can't tell when—"

Barbara uttered a cry.

"Wait!" he said, quietly. "I want you not to think of me, but of yourself. I don't know how long I'll last, and Anita

has lost almost everything but this place. She made bad investments. When she sold Bayonne, it wasn't done from stinginess, but because she needed the money."

"Oh, poor Anita!" cried Barbara, remorsefully.

"Babbie—" Gilbert said, hesitatingly. "Rhodes wants to marry you."

Barbara stared at him, her face a mask of astonishment. Gilbert, equally dreading her laughter or her indignation, hurried on.

"I want you to have a chance to think it over before he speaks to you. He's talking to Anita about it now."

"But—but he's an old man!" Barbara cried. "It's ridiculous!"

"He's perhaps thirty years older than you. But he's well to do, I believe. He could take good care of you, Babbie. He's a fine fellow, and, if I know him, he loves you."

"Oh, Gilbert, you can't want me to—to marry him!" Barbara said. "I know he's a nice little man, but, Gilbert!"

Gilbert turned uneasily on his cushion, his flabby face pale and unhappy.

"For God's sake, my dear," he said solemnly, "what choice have I—or you? If I die, what claim have you on Anita? As you say, you're not well enough educated to teach in any place where you'd be thrown with decent people or get decent treatment. If there were any young men left here likely or able to marry, that would be a different matter. If, half a dozen years ago, I'd been fit to

earn my own living in any way a man should, you'd not have this choice put before you."

His tone was self-contemptuous. Barbara flamed to his defense.

"You've paid your shot every step of the way," she said hotly.

She lay back in the hammock, her face turned from her brother. Marriage had been far away on the border of her dreams. Her thoughts of the future had never gone beyond the long red road that led across the mountains, and the vague happenings that might come to one who was free to travel it and the other roads of the world. She was shocked at the presentation of a concrete person as her possible husband; the thought of a young man would have shocked her as much as the thought of a middle-aged man; that Rhodes was the latter took away somehow from the reality of the experience.

"Does Anita want me to?" she murmured at last.

"I don't think it has occurred to Anita that you could refuse," Gilbert said. "But it has occurred to me—that's why I wanted to give you a bit of time to think it over. If you can't bear the idea of it, we'll dismiss Rhodes. Perhaps I can get together money enough to send you off somewhere for a visit where you'd meet people."

A painful red grew in Barbara's face. "I don't want to go in for any speculation like that," she said. "I'd rather teach negroes. If I were as pretty as some girls, so pretty that proposals fell in my lap like autumn leaves, I might think of it."

"Proposals are much more frequent than marriages," said Gilbert, who had done his share of philandering. "It isn't always the man of your own age that makes the most congenial husband. You do get on with Rhodes, don't you?"

"Oh, get on!" said Barbara drearily. "I don't know that one has to be congenial to be married."

"That's true enough," agreed Gilbert. Again he moved uneasily on his cushion and asked: "Quite sure you understand what marriage is? Anita has talked to you?"

"Yes, I know the duties of marriage," Barbara said primly.

GILBERT upheaved his great bulk. "Just think it over," he said. "I reckon Rhodes would be an easier master than Anita, and unless a girl has money in her own right, somebody's bound to be her master. I don't know just what girls want out of life. Rhodes would do his house over for you, and take you wherever you wanted to go, and fill the place with guests, if you asked him to. You'd never again have to sit between Anita and me, watching the clock for bedtime to come." He bent over her and kissed her cheek, adding:

"You think it over, Babbie." When the sound of his heavy footsteps had died away, Barbara lay back drearily in the hammock. She felt as if her life were all fixed and as good as over. Instead of looking at the dull, middle-aged faces of Gilbert and Anita forever, she must look forever at the affectionate, mild face of Huntley Rhodes. She would be less harried and driven than she was with Anita, day by day. Yes, day by day, but there were the nights—Barbara's imagination broke off, not in horror, but simply blankly. She could not realize anyone as a husband. She could never be free now. Huntley Rhodes would travel with her all the roads of the world, if she asked him, perhaps, but she would not be free, because to be free meant to be alone.

Yet, what else could she do? She felt that she had neither charm nor beauty. No young man would wish to marry her, and there seemed to be no way that she could make her own living without humiliating her family. Anita would think she was lucky, because such a kind, good, little man—such a kind, good man as Huntley Rhodes was ready to marry her. Barbara knew the moment she cut out the adjective "little" that she meant to consent to marry Rhodes.

"Mrs. Rhodes," she murmured absently. She was as unable to realize the state of marriage as she was to visualize some strange country which she had never seen. She could fancy herself in Huntley Rhodes's house, indeed, carrying his keys, managing his servants. She had a picture of herself in his garden, tearing out the miserable petunias and marigolds to make more room for roses. At this little suggestion of reconstruction, she felt a sense of slight companionship for Rhodes, and if there was more than a touch of superiority in it, she was unconscious of the fact.

"Of course, we'd get on—and better

than Gilbert and Anita do," Barbara said. She really thought she was contemplating marriage with Rhodes, all unaware that a cold virginal wall banked her imagination, not realizing that she had simply decided that her acquaintance with Rhodes would be as endurable in his house as her sister Anita in hers.

"I reckon I ought to go inside," she said.

With cheeks glowing and heart beating rapidly, and yet with reluctant feet, she began to walk slowly toward the house. As she approached, she saw Rhodes and Anita standing on the front porch; they had come to look for her. Then Anita went inside; she was sending Rhodes to Barbara. The girl's heart suddenly felt like a lump of lead. As Rhodes approached her, she saw with smarting keenness all the ridiculous traits that had always amused her—his pale, mild face, that convex, superior upper lip, the jaunty walk like that of a little school miss. There was an eager look in his light blue eyes that startled her; perhaps Rhodes wanted her as much as she wanted to be free—and if he did—

HER cold heart began suddenly to beat as if it would suffocate her. Rhodes seemed to bear down upon her, like some little swamping tug, bound to swirl her in his wake. His mouth was parted now, and she could see his lips trembling. He was coming close—too close. She put up her hands as if to ward him off. But she remembered that she meant to marry him; she had a moment in which to reconsider her decision. Then she changed her gesture of withdrawal to one of surrender. She gave herself to him, but she asked for more time.

"I—I've a dreadful headache," she said, breathlessly. "And I must go to my room. Will you come to-morrow?"

His kind, mild face was full at once of disappointment and solicitude.

"You mean—come to see you?" he asked significantly.

"Yes—yes," she stammered.

"I can wait longer, if you like," he said gently.

"No—come to-morrow," she said. "I—I'll be ready to see you to-morrow."

She gave him her hand; he took it and held it, cold within his own, while he escorted her to the porch. Then he kissed it, first gently; and then with a warmth that embarrassed her. Almost he extended his arms, but she kept her eyes down. Unconsciously she was murmuring over and over: "To-morrow."

She fled upstairs, out of range of the surprised eyes of Anita, who had come into the hall to see what her return meant. She burst into her hideous yellow room and locked the door. Then she sat by the window, not feeling quite safe till he had driven away. When he had gone, she threw herself on the bed, staring quietly at the ugly yellow roses on the wall. She heard Anita's quick, nervous footfall at her door, then her brother's heavy tread.

"Let the child alone, I tell you," Gilbert said in a tone of command he rarely used to Anita.

"But I want to know—"

"Didn't he tell you he was coming back to-morrow?"

"What harm would it do to ask her?" began Anita querulously.

"I say I won't have her bothered."

"Oh, my head; you needn't be such a brute," she heard Anita moan.

SHE lay quietly, while the afternoon turned into twilight. She could hear the negroes singing in their cabin and, a little later, Mammy Kate clattering in the kitchen, making waffles for the Sunday supper. Still later she heard Gilbert's heavy tread, and knew that he was putting a tray of food outside her door. When he had gone she took it in; the excitement of the afternoon had not destroyed her appetite. She visualized Anita and Gilbert, sitting opposite each other in silence, with nothing to hold them there but habit. Her place between them was empty; it would soon be empty for all time. Vague, formless thoughts went through her mind, mostly about her father and mother; she was not dwelling at all on her future with Rhodes.

At half past nine she heard Anita come up to bed. Then she stole downstairs to Gilbert, who was locking the doors and windows. Though it impeded him, he put one arm about her and led her with him. When he reached the front door he locked it more slowly than usual, and then, as was his habit, he said half seriously and half humorously:

"Well, thank God, another day over without much bad luck—at least without any we can't stand."

To be Continued Next Week

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Fu-Manchu & Company

(Continued from page 7)

The wrapping in which the net had been lay at my feet. I stooped and took out from it a wicker basket. Karamanèh stood watching me and biting her lip, but she made no move to check me. I opened the basket. It contained a large phial, the contents of which possessed a pungent and peculiar smell.

I WAS utterly mystified.

"You will have to accompany me to my house," I said sternly.

Karamanèh upturned her great eyes to mine. They were wide with fear. She was on the point of speaking when I extended my hand to grasp her. At that, the look of fear was gone and one of rebellion held its place. Ere I had time to realize her purpose, she flung back from me with that wild grace which I had met within no other woman, turned—and ran!

Fatuously, net and basket in hand, I stood looking after her. The idea of pursuit came to me certainly; but I doubted if I could have outrun her. For Karamanèh ran with the lightness and swiftness of a fawn; ran like the daughter of the desert that she was.

Some two hundred yards she went, stopped, and looked back. It would seem that the sheer joy of physical effort had aroused the devil in her, the devil that must lie latent in every woman with eyes like the eyes of Karamanèh.

In the ever brightening sunlight I could see the lithe figure swaying; no rags imaginable could mask its beauty. I could see the red lips and gleaming teeth. Then—and it was music good to hear despite its taunt—she laughed defiantly, turned, and ran again!

I resigned myself to defeat; I blush to add, gladly! Some evidences of a world awakening were perceptible about me now. Feathered choirs hailed the new day joyously. Carrying the mysterious contrivance which I had captured from the enemy, I set out in the direction of my house, my mind very busy with conjectures respecting the link between this bird snare and the cry like that of a nighthawk which we had heard at the moment of Forsyth's death.

The path that I had chosen led me around the border of the Mound Pond—a small pool having an islet in the center. Lying at the margin of the pond I was amazed to see the plate and jug which Nayland Smith had borrowed recently!

Dropping my burden, I walked down to the edge of the water. I was filled with a sudden apprehension. Then, as I bent to pick up the now empty jug, came a hail:

"All right, Petrie! Shall join you in a moment!"

I started up, looked to right and left; but, although the voice had been that of Nayland Smith, no sign could I discern of his presence!

"Smith!" I cried—"Smith!"

"Coming!"

Seriously doubting my senses, I looked in the direction from which the voice had seemed to proceed—and there was Nayland Smith.

HE stood on the islet in the center of the pond, and, as I perceived him, he walked down into the shallow water and waded across to me!

"Good heavens!" I began—

One of his rare laughs interrupted me. "You must think me mad this morning, Petrie!" he said. "But I have made several discoveries. Do you know what that islet in the pond really is?"

"Merely an islet, I suppose—"

"Nothing of the kind, it is a burial mound, Petrie! It marks the site of one of the Plague Pits where victims were buried during the Great Plague of London. You will observe that although you have seen it every morning for some years, it remains for a British Commissioner resident in Burma to acquaint you with its history! Hullo!"—the laughter was gone from his eyes, and they were steely hard again—"what the blazes have we here!"

He picked up the net. "What! a bird trap!"

"Exactly!" I said.

Smith turned his searching gaze upon me. "Where did you find it, Petrie?"

"I did not exactly find it," I replied and related

to him the circumstances of my meeting with Karamanèh.

He directed that cold stare upon me throughout the narrative, and when, with some embarrassment, I had told him of the girl's escape—

"Petrie," he said succinctly, "you are an imbecile!"

I flushed with anger, for not even from Nayland Smith, whom I esteemed above all other men, could I accept such words uttered as he had uttered them. We glared at one another.

"Karamanèh," he continued coldly, "is a beautiful toy, I grant you; but so is a cobra. Neither is suitable for playful purposes."

"Smith!" I cried hotly—"drop that! Adopt another tone or I cannot listen to you!"

He kept his eyes fixed upon me.

"You must listen," he said, squaring his lean jaw truculently. "You are playing, not only with a pretty girl who is the favorite of a Chinese Nero, but with my life! And I object, Petrie, on purely personal grounds!"

I felt my anger oozing from me; for this was strictly just. I had nothing to say, and Smith continued:

"You know that she is utterly false, yet a glance or two from those dark eyes of hers makes a fool of you! A woman made a fool of me, once; but I learned my lesson; you have failed to learn yours. If you are determined to go to pieces on the rock that broke up Adam, do so! But don't involve me in the wreck, Petrie—for that might mean a yellow emperor of the world, and you know it!"

"Your words are unnecessarily brutal, Smith," I said, feeling very crestfallen. "but I deserve them."

"You do!" he assured me, but he relaxed immediately. "A murderous attempt is made upon my life, resulting in the death of a perfectly innocent man in no way concerned. Along you come and let an accomplice, perhaps a participant, escape, merely because she has a red mouth, or black lashes, or whatever it is that fascinates you so hopelessly!"

He opened the wicker basket, sniffing at the contents.

"Ah!" he snapped; "do you recognize this odor?"

"Certainly."

"Then you have some idea respecting Karamanèh's quarry?"

"Nothing of the kind!"

Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"Come along, Petrie," he said, linking his arm in mine.

We proceeded. Many questions there were that I wanted to put to him, but one above all. "Smith," I said, "what, in Heaven's name, were you doing on the mound? Digging something up?"

"No," he replied, smiling dryly; "burying something!"

DUSK found Nayland Smith and me at the top bedroom window. We knew now that poor Forsyth's body had been properly examined, that he had died from poisoning. Smith, declaring that I did not deserve his confidence, had refused to confide his theory of the origin of the peculiar marks upon the body.

"On the soft ground under the trees," he said, "I found his tracks right up to the point where—something happened. There were no other fresh tracks for several yards around. He was attacked as he stood close to the trunk of one of the elms. Six or seven feet away I found some other tracks like this."

He marked series of dots upon the blotting pad, for this conversation took place during the afternoon.

"Claws!" I cried. "That eerie call! like the call of a nighthawk—is it some unknown species of—flying thing?"

"We shall see, shortly; possibly to-night," was his reply. "Since, probably owing to the absence of any moon, a mistake was made," his jaw hardened at the thought of poor Forsyth—"another attempt long the same lines will almost certainly follow—you know Fu-Manchu's system?"

So in the darkness, expectant, we sat watching the group of nine elms. To-night the moon was come, raising her Aladdin's lamp up to the star world and summoning shadows into being. By midnight the high-road showed de-



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serted, the Common was a place of mystery; and save for the periodical passage of an electric car, in blazing modernity, this was a fit enough stage for an eerie drama.

No notice of the tragedy had appeared in print; Nayland Smith was vested with powers to silence the press. No detectives, no special constables were posted. My friend was of opinion that the publicity which had been given to the deeds of Dr. Fu-Manchu in the past, together with the sometimes clumsy co-operation of the police, had contributed not a little to the Chinaman's success.

"There is only one thing to fear," he jerked suddenly; "he may not be ready for another attempt to-night."

"Why?"

"Since he has only been in England for a short time, his menagerie of venomous things may be a limited one at present."

Earlier in the evening there had been a brief but violent thunderstorm, with a tropical downpour of rain, and now clouds were scudding across the blue of the sky. Through a temporary rift in the veiling the crescent of the moon looked down upon us. It had a greenish tint, and it set me thinking of the filmed, green eyes of Fu-Manchu.

The cloud passed and a lake of silver spread out to the edge of the copse; then it terminated at a shadow bank.

"There it is, Petrie!" hissed Nayland Smith.

A lambent light was born in the darkness; it rose slowly, unsteadily to a great height and died.

"It's under the trees, Smith!"

But he was already making for the door. Over his shoulder:

"Bring the pistol, Petrie!" he cried; "I have another. Give me at least twenty yards' start or no attempt may be made. But the instant I'm under the trees, join me."

OUT of the house we ran, and over onto the Common, which latterly had been a pageant ground for phantom warring. The light did not appear again; and as Smith plunged off toward the trees, I more than suspected that he had solved the mystery.

His instructions to keep well in the rear I understood. Fu-Manchu, or the creature of Fu-Manchu, would attempt nothing in the presence of a witness. But we knew full well that the instrument of death which was hidden in the elm copse could do its ghastly work and leave no clue, could slay and vanish. For had not Forsyth come to a dreadful end while Smith and I were within twenty yards of him?

Not a breeze stirred, as Smith ahead of me—for I had slowed my pace—came up level with the first tree. The moon sailed clear of the straggling cloud wisps which alone told of the recent storm; and I noted that an irregular patch of light lay silvery on the moist ground under the elms where otherwise lay shadow.

He passed slowly. I began to run again. Black against the silvery patch, I saw him emerge—and look up.

"Be careful, Smith!" I cried—and I was racing under the trees to join him. Uttering a loud cry, he leaped—away from the pool of light. "Stand back, Petrie!" he screamed—"Back! further!"

He charged into me, shoulder lowered, and sent me reeling!

Mixed up with his excited cry I had heard a loud splintering and sweeping of branches overhead; and now as we staggered into the shadows it seemed that one of the elms was reaching down to touch us! So, at least, the phenomenon presented itself to my mind in that fleeting moment while Smith, uttering his warning cry, was hurling me back.

Then the truth became apparent.

With an appalling crash, a huge bough fell from above. One piercing, awful shriek there was, a crackling of broken branches, and a choking groan. . . .

The crack of Smith's pistol close beside me completed my confusion of mind.

"Missed!" he yelled. "Shoot it, Petrie! On your left! For God's sake don't miss it!"

I turned. A lithe black shape was streaking past me. I fired—once—twice. Another frightful cry made yet more hideous the nocturne.

Nayland Smith was directing the ray of a pocket torch upon the fallen bough.

"Have you killed it, Petrie?" he cried.

"Yes, yes!"

I stood beside him, looking down. From the tangle of leaves and twigs an evil yellow face looked up at us. The features were contorted with agony, but the malignant eyes blazed with undying hatred.

The man was pinned beneath the heavy bough; his back was broken; as we watched, he expired, frothing slightly at the mouth, and quitted his tenement of clay, leaving those glassy eyes set hideously upon us.

"The pagan gods fight upon our side," said Smith strangely. "Elms have a dangerous habit of shedding boughs in still weather—particularly after a storm, Pan, god of the woods, with this one has performed Justice's work of retribution."

"I don't understand. Where was this man?"

"Up the tree lying along the bough which fell, Petrie! That is why he left no footmarks. Last night no doubt he made his escape by swinging from bough to bough, ape fashion, and descending to the ground somewhere at the other side of the copse."

HE glanced at me.

"You are wondering, perhaps," he suggested, "what caused the mysterious light? I could have told you this morning, but I fear I was in a bad temper, Petrie. It's very simple: a length of tape soaked in spirit or something of the kind, and sheltered from the view of anyone watching from your windows, behind the trunk of the tree; then, the end ignited, lowered, still behind the tree, to the ground. The operator swinging it around, the flame ascended, of course. I found the unburned fragment of the tape used last night, a few yards from here."

I was peering down at Fu-Manchu's servant, the hideous yellow man who lay dead in a bower of elm leaves.

"He has some kind of leather bag beside him," I began—

"Exactly," rapped Smith. "In that he carried his dangerous instrument of death; from that he released it!"

"Released what?"

"What your fascinating friend came to recapture this morning."

"Don't taunt me, Smith!" I said bitterly. "Is it some species of bird?"

"You saw the marks on Forsyth's body, and I told you of those which I had traced upon the ground here. They were caused by claws, Petrie!"

"Claws! I thought so! But what claws?"

"The claws of a poisonous thing. I recaptured the one used last night, killed it—against my will—and buried it on the mound. I was afraid to throw it in the pond, lest some juvenile fisherman should pull it out and sustain a scratch. I don't know how long the claws would remain venomous."

"You are treating me like a child, Smith," I said slowly. "No doubt I am hopelessly obtuse, but perhaps you will tell me what this Chinaman carried in a leather bag and released upon Forsyth. It was something which you recaptured, apparently with the aid of a plate of cold turbot and a jug of milk! It was something, also, which Karamanah had been sent to recapture with the aid—"

I stopped.

"Go on," said Nayland Smith turning the ray to the left, "what did she have in the basket?"

"Valerian," I replied mechanically.

THE ray rested upon the lithe creature that I had shot down.

It was a black cat!

"A cat will go through fire and water for valerian," said Smith; "but I got first innings this morning with fish and milk! I had recognized the imprints under the trees for those of a cat, and I knew that if a cat had been released here it would still be hiding in the neighborhood, probably in the bushes. I finally located a cat, sure enough, and came for bait! I laid my trap, for the animal was too frightened to be approachable, and then shot it; I had to. That yellow fiend used the light as a decoy. The branch which killed him jutted out over the path at a spot where an opening in the foliage above allowed some moon rays to penetrate. Directly the victim stood beneath, the Chinaman uttered his bird cry; the one below looked up, and the cat, previously held silent and helpless in the leather sack, was dropped accurately upon his head!"

"But"—I was growing confused.

Smith stooped lower. "The cat's claws are sheathed now," he said; "but if you could examine them you would find that they are coated with a shining black substance. Only Fu-Manchu knows what that substance is, Petrie, but you and I know what it can do!"

The next story of Fu-Manchu will appear in an early issue of COLLIER'S.



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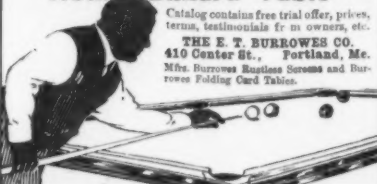
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Menace of Bureaucracy

By JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr.

Formerly United States Senator from Oregon.

THE present conflict in Europe pre-
sents a striking illustration of the
danger of centralization of power in
Government and should warn the Ameri-
can people against the present tendency
toward bureaucracy. A man who hap-
pens to hold temporary power by virtue
of his occupancy of a throne can involve
400,000,000 people in a continental war,
resulting in the slaughter of millions of
men who are innocent of wrong and the
destruction of billions of dollars' worth
of property, besides causing cessation of
industrial activity with resultant econ-
omic waste beyond human compre-
hension.

Selfishness and ambition, when given
opportunity, tend to produce exactly such
results as we are now witnessing in Eu-
rope. Only by distribution of power,
which minimizes opportunity for indi-
vidual selfishness and ambition to pursue
their course, can a situation such as this
be avoided. Had the policies of Euro-
pean nations been left to legislative
bodies, rather than to individual mon-
archs, the situation which now exists
could not have developed.

In the consideration of governmental
problems it is not necessary to proceed
upon the assumption that we are guard-
ing against the extreme calamity of war.
There are other and vital, though much
different, evils incident to the bureau-
cratic system which grows out of con-
centrated power. Selfishness, ambition,
and vanity have other ways of express-
ing themselves than in the effort to con-
quer a rival nation. So long as human
infirmity exists, the bestowal of discre-
tionary power upon a public official must
steadily develop the inclination to use
that power for the benefit of himself or
those whom he desires to favor and
against those whom he desires to punish.

The remedy is the distribution of that
small power which it is absolutely nec-
essary to bestow upon individuals, and
the limitation of that power by the en-
actment of laws so specific and definite
that the individual is left little latitude
for the exercise of discretion.

Indiscreet Discretion

IN recent years we have established in
this country a policy of departmental
discretion under which the Attorney Gen-
eral has practically assumed authority to
say what corporations shall be permitted
to continue their operations and which
shall not. While it is true that ultimate
decision of any contested case rests with
a judge or jury, yet the possession, or
assumed possession, and exercise of the
power to prosecute or withhold prosecu-
tion gives the Attorney General the un-
questionable power to destroy any cor-
poration, whether its operations be
legitimate or not. Scarcely any enter-
prise can long continue in successful
operation during the pendency of litigation
with the United States Govern-
ment, whether or not that litigation
be justified by facts and law. The
mere fact that the Attorney General
has brought a suit or a criminal pro-
ceeding against a corporation on the
charge of violation of Federal laws is
sufficient to destroy the prestige and
ruin the business of the concern against
which the proceeding has been taken.
I am justified, therefore, in making the
assertion that, under the practice which
has grown up, the Attorney General is
practically a dictator over the business
activities of all concerns engaged in
more than local trade.

We have had in recent years an almost
incredible exhibition of the assumption
of autocratic power in the Post Office
Department. I refer to the order made
by the Postmaster General some three

years ago, directing that some periodi-
cals be sent by freight, while other peri-
odicals of practically the same character
and paying exactly the same rate of
postage were sent by mail. This order
of the department may have seriously
affected only a few publications. The
great mass of the American people, not
being directly affected, pay little atten-
tion to an order such as that to which
I have referred. But there was involved
in that order a principle of vital impor-
tance to the American people. If it is
possible for the Postmaster General to
exercise arbitrarily the power to send
one magazine by freight and a rival pub-
lication by mail when both pay the same
rate of postage and are admitted to the
mails under exactly the same laws, then
it is possible for him to exercise that
same power in innumerable other re-
spects and discriminate between patrons
of the postal service in such a way as to
send some individuals and companies
into bankruptcy while promoting the
selfish interests of others.

A Warning and a Remedy

THE existence of such a power in a re-
public, where we are presumed to have
a government by law, is abhorrent to the
minds of all those who love liberty and
hate despotism. The natural and neces-
sary outcome of continuation of a policy
such as I have indicated by these two
illustrations will be the establishment of
practically monarchical power in the
Chief Executive, so that a President of
the United States would ultimately be
given or would assume the authority
which in Europe has involved the na-
tions of that continent in the most de-
plorable war in the world's history.

While our attention is centered from
day to day upon news from the battle
fields of Europe, the American people
should take time to study and consider
the bureaucratic system which has been
growing in this country and voice their
earnest and persistent protest against
legislation or executive assumption of au-
thority which strengthens and enlarges
the power of the Executive Department
of our Government. The inevitable re-
sult of continued pursuit of the present
course is the development of a monarchy
in fact if not in name.

There are two necessary and effective
steps to be taken to overthrow bureau-
cracy. First, in order to establish a govern-
ment by law and not by individual whim,
all statutes placing limitations upon the
rights of the people must be drawn in
such specific and comprehensive language
as to make definite and certain the rights,
duties, and liabilities of every citizen,
leaving nothing whatever to the discre-
tion of those who happen temporarily to
exercise executive power. Second, the
appointing power which now makes the
President a practical dictator over Con-
gress must be abolished. Federal officers
in the different States, such as postmas-
ters, collectors of customs, and collectors
of internal revenues, appraisers, mar-
shals, district attorneys, and land officers
should all be elected by the people in
their various districts.

Application of the first remedy rests
with Congress, which is the lawmaking
body, and which is largely responsible for
the system of bureaucracy which has been
built up. Congress has been too ready to
vest the Executive Departments with the
discretionary power they are continually
asking and so frequently assuming. The
second remedy can be secured only by a
constitutional amendment divesting the
President of his appointing power and
thus depriving him of the club of coer-
cion which he now holds over the heads
of members of Congress.



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